

NOVEMBER

No. 7

10¢

# CRACK COMICS

FEATURING  
THE CLOCK



THE BLACK CONDOR



JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



MOLLY THE MODEL







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



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# The BLACK CONDOR

BY  
KENNETH  
LEWIS

SOARING ABOVE THE CLOUDS,  
THE BLACK CONDOR BATTLES  
THE FORCES OF EVIL....  
FIGHTING THE WAQUO  
INDIANS, HE NIPS THEIR  
SCHEME OF DESTROYING  
THE WHITE MAN.

AND THIS IS THE  
WAQUO AMULET,  
BELIEVED TO HOLD  
THE POWER OF THE  
ANCIENT AND NOW  
EXTINCT WAQUO  
INDIAN TRIBE.  
THERE'S A FANTASTIC  
LEGEND  
ABOUT  
IT!

GEORGE ALLISON, HISTORIAN  
AND EXPLORER IS SHOWING  
HIS TROPHIES TO A FRIEND

GO ON, GEORGE, TELL  
ME THE STORY....  
YOU'RE A GREAT ONE  
FOR TALL TALES, BUT  
I ENJOY HEARING  
THEM!

THE WAQUOS HAD AN IDOL.  
A GIANT FIGURE THAT  
WAS GIVEN THE POWER  
OF MOTION WHEN THE  
AMULET WAS PLACED  
IN ITS CHEST. THEY  
PLANNED TO DESTROY  
THE WHITE MAN  
WITH IT!

OF COURSE  
IT'S JUST A  
MYTH, BUT  
THE STONE  
IS VERY  
VALUABLE,  
IF NOT  
DANGEROUS.

LATE THAT NIGHT ALLISON  
IS ALONE IN HIS STUDY.





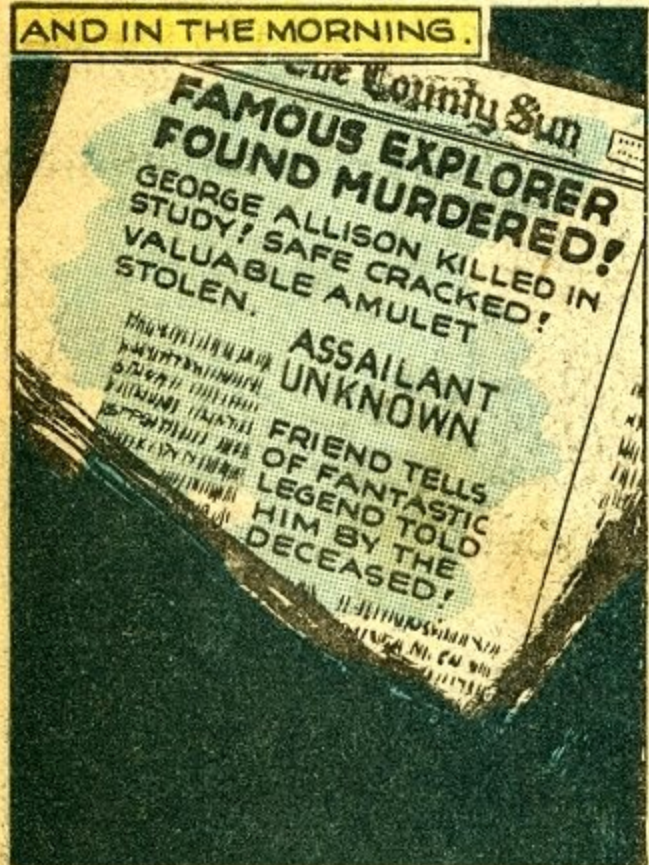
A HIDEOUS  
PRIMITIVE  
FACE  
WATCHES  
THE  
EXPLORER  
SILENTLY..



SLOWLY THE CREATURE  
CREEPS FORWARD..



A BRIEF BUT FATAL  
STRUGGLE ENSUES.



AND IN THE MORNING.



POLICE SURROUND THE HOUSE,  
BUT FIND NO CLUE.. SUDDENLY  
A STRANGE FIGURE APPEARS  
IN THE SKY.



THE *BLACK CONDOR* SLINKS  
UNNOTICED INTO THE  
ROOM OF THE MURDER..



THERE  
MUST  
BE  
SOME-  
THING  
THAT  
MAY  
LEAD  
ME TO  
THE  
KILLER!



AH! A FEATHER TORN  
OFF IN THE FIGHT. AN  
INDIAN  
FEATHER!



AN INDIAN'S PAINTED  
FEATHER AND THE STOLEN  
WAQUO AMULET.. THE TWO  
ADD UP.. I GUESS THE  
TRIBE ISN'T EXTINCT!



THE MURDERER FINDS HIS WAY  
BLOCKED AT THE R.R. STATIONS...



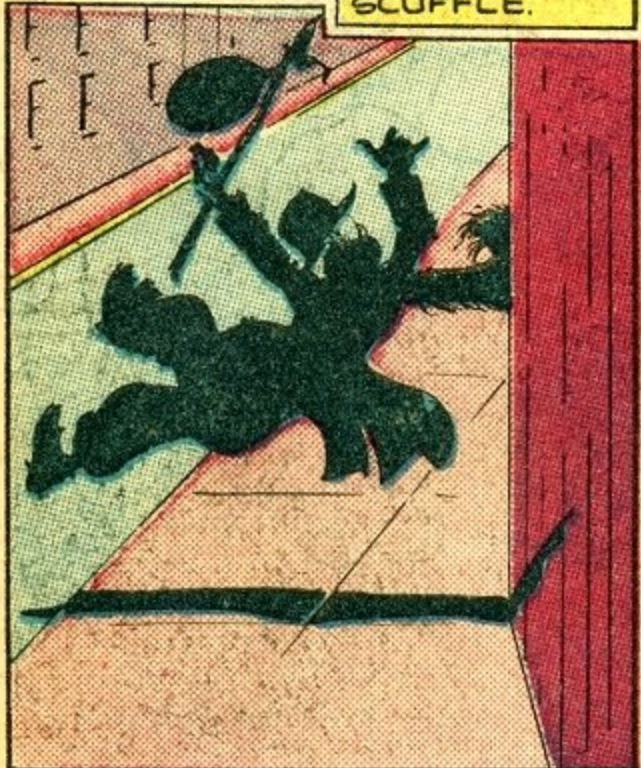
BUS TERMINALS ARE  
HEAVILY GUARDED, BUT  
HE MUST GO WEST...



SUDDENLY, AN IDEA  
STRIKES HIM AS A  
TRAMP COMES  
WHISTLING BY...



OUT OF THE SHADOWS SHOOT  
AN ARM... THERE IS A SHORT  
SCUFFLE.



AND THE RAGGED CLOTHES  
HAVE CHANGED OWNERS.



THE HOBO JUNGLES ALONG THE  
TRACKS OFFER A REFUGE FOR  
THE HUNTED WAQUO...



WHEN A GUY DON'T  
TALK, HE'S GOT  
SOMETHIN' TO  
HIDE! WE LIKE  
SOCIAL MEN IN  
DIS ORGANIZATION!



WE'LL FIND  
OUT WHAT'S  
BITIN'  
HIM!



UNFRIENDLY SORT  
OF CHAP, AIN'T YOU?  
KIND OF EXCLUSIVE!  
WELL, WE DON'T  
TOLERATE CLASS  
DISTINCTION  
HERE, SEE?



COME ON, FELLAS,  
FRISK HIM!





A SWIFT BLOW KNOCKS THE TRAMP'S HAT FROM HIS HEAD, REVEALING THE BLACK CONDOR



IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR..



NOW, DAT'S DOWNRIGHT RUDE! RUSH HIM, MEN!



SORRY YOU DON'T LIKE ME, GENTLEMEN!

SPLAT!



THE WHOLE JUNGLE COLONY COMES DOWN UPON HIM, GRIMEY FISTS FLYING..



BUT ONE OF THEM HAS LEFT THE CLEARING AND HEADS FOR THE WOODS..



WHILE THE CONDOR IS KEPT BUSY, THE LITTLE INDIAN ESCAPES... A FREIGHT ROARS BY.



AND THE WAQUO HOPS IT..



THE LAST ONE! AND I SEE MY WACKY PAL GOT AWAY!





THE BLACK CONDOR SOARS UP TO A WATER TANK.



HE MUST HAVE JUMPED THAT WESTERN TRAIN... I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HIM... HE'LL LEAD ME TO THE SOURCE OF THIS THING!



PERHAPS THE WAQUO IDOL REALLY DOES EXIST!



THE CONDOR FOLLOWS THE TRAIN AS IT SNAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINOUS WEST... THE FLYING MAN WINGS ON THROUGH THE NIGHT.

THE WAQUO IS NOT CONCERNED WITH THE HUGE BIRD THAT HOVERS OVER HEAD.



AS THE TRAIN RUMBLES ACROSS A STEEP GORGE, HE JUMPS.

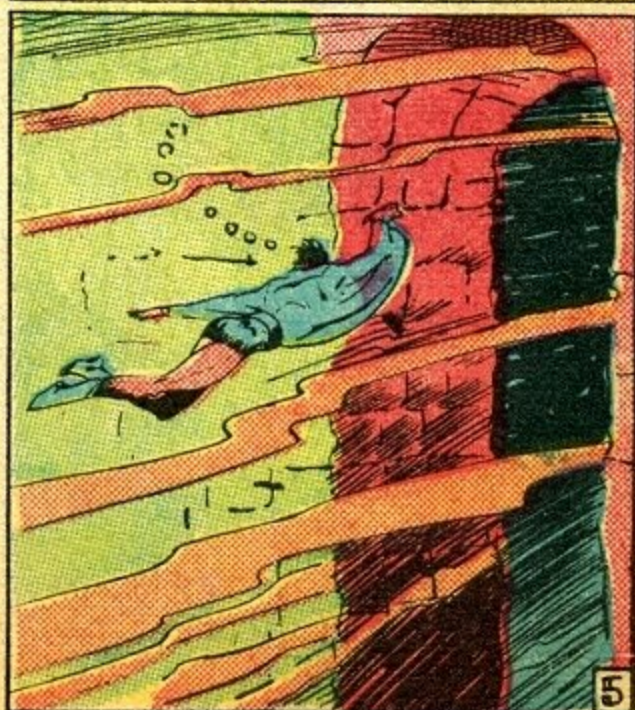


HE'S VANISHED BENEATH THE WATER!



HE'S NOT HERE!! BUT HE CAN'T BE DEAD! HE MUST HAVE HAD A REASON FOR DIVING FROM THAT BRIDGE!

HIS LUNGS ALMOST BURSTING FROM LACK OF AIR, THE BLACK CONDOR DISCOVERS A TUNNEL LEADING OFF FROM THE BED OF THE RIVER.





AT LAST HE EMERGES INTO THE COOL AIR OF A DARK CAVERN.

THIS IS THE WAY HE MUST HAVE COME!

VOICES! SOMEONE SHOUTING IN INDIAN LANGUAGE!

AT THE END OF A WINDING PASSAGE, HE SEES A LIGHT.

THEY SOUND HAPPY ABOUT SOMETHING!

I HAVE BROUGHT THE CHARM, OH GREAT CHIEF, FROM THE LAND OF TOWERS... I HAVE KILLED THE WHITE MAN!

AT LAST WE WILL SEND THE WHITE DESTROYER FROM THIS LAND.. THE GREAT YAHU WILL COME TO LIFE AND BRING OUR POWER BACK TO US!

HE MOVES! YAHU MOVES!

THE GIANT FIGURE SLOWLY STALKS FORWARD. IT SEEMS TO HAVE A PURPOSE IN ITS MOVEMENT.

STRAIGHT TO THE CONDOR IT GOES.. ARMS OUTSTRETCHED FOR THE KILL.

OH NO YOU DON'T!

THE CONDOR FLIES UP, BUT THE MONSTER SEIZES HIM..



LIFTING THE BIRDMAN IN ITS POWERFUL ARMS, THE CLAY MONSTER CARRIES HIM BEFORE THE CHIEF



NOW, YOU WHITE BIRD, YOU WILL DIE! NO MAN WILL STOP US NOW!



LET HIM FALL IN THE PIT OF GIANT BATS!



THE BLACK CONDOR IS TIED ABOVE A TRAP DOOR... THE ROPE STRAINS UNDER HIS WEIGHT.



WHAT A PLEASANT OUTLOOK! SOON THIS ROPE WILL SNAP... I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

MEANWHILE, THE INDIANS PREPARE FOR THEIR CONQUEST



GO, GREAT YAHU, TO THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES

THE TOWERING FIGURE LUMBERS OMINOUSLY ALONG THE ROAD.



A SPEEDING CAR MEETS WITH ITS TERRIBLE WRATH AND IS CRUSHED RUTHLESSLY.



UPON A QUIET LITTLE TOWN FALLS THE SHADOW OF DESTRUCTION.



WHILE ABOVE THE BAT PIT, THE ROPE BEGINS TO GIVE...



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE BLACK CONDOR DROPS INTO THE DARK PIT.



AS THE GIANT WINGS FLAP ABOUT HIM, HE STRUGGLES DESPERATELY TO LOOSE HIS BINDINGS.



WHEW! AT LAST! I ALMOST WAS A DEAD BIRD THAT TIME!



FREE, HE SWEEPS INTO THE MIDST OF THE HIDEOUS FLYING RODENTS. . .



HIS BEATING FISTS PROVE POWERFUL WEAPONS AGAINST THE SHARP TEETH OF THE BATS!



WITH PIERCING, ALMOST HUMAN SHRIEKS, THE HUGE BATS FALL TO THE BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS OF THE PIT. . .



WHITE MAN DEAD BY THIS TIME! HEAR SCREAMS.. GOOD! YAHOO SOON BE BACK!



BUT, FROM THE PIT SHOOTS THE BLACK CONDOR TO THEIR SURPRISED DISMAY. . .



I SHOOT! I KILL!

BEFORE THE ARROW LEAVES THE BOW, BOTH INDIANS ARE TOSSED INTO THE BAT PIT. . .





OVER THE TOWN, NOW A SMOKING SHAMBLE, SOARS THE CONDOR.



RELENTLESSLY, THE GREAT YAHU MARCHES ON. HIS HAMMERING BLOWS DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN HIS PATH.



THE BLACK CONDOR SWEEPS DOWN AND BLASTS THE GIANT IDOL WITH HIS BLACK RAY.



BUT IT HAS NO EFFECT, YAHU COUNTERS WITH A SLASHING BLOW.



I FORGOT! THE AMULET! AS LONG AS HE WEARS THAT, I AM POWERLESS TO HARM HIM!



BRAVING THE MONSTER'S WRATH, HE FLIES BY AND PLUCKS THE CHARM FROM YAHU'S THROAT.



AND THE LAST HOPE OF THE WAQUO INDIANS CRUMBLES TO DUST AMONG THE RUINS.



THROWING THE ILL-FATED AMULET ALOFT, THE CONDOR SMASHES IT WITH HIS BLACK RAY.



WITH THAT, THE BLACK CONDOR SOARS ON TO MYSTERIOUS THRILLING NEW ADVENTURES.





# MOLLY THE MODEL



LOOKIT TH' SIZE OF HIM, DANNY— HE CAN'T FIGHT A LICK, BUT I'M SONNA BUILD HIM INTO ANOTHER CARNERA



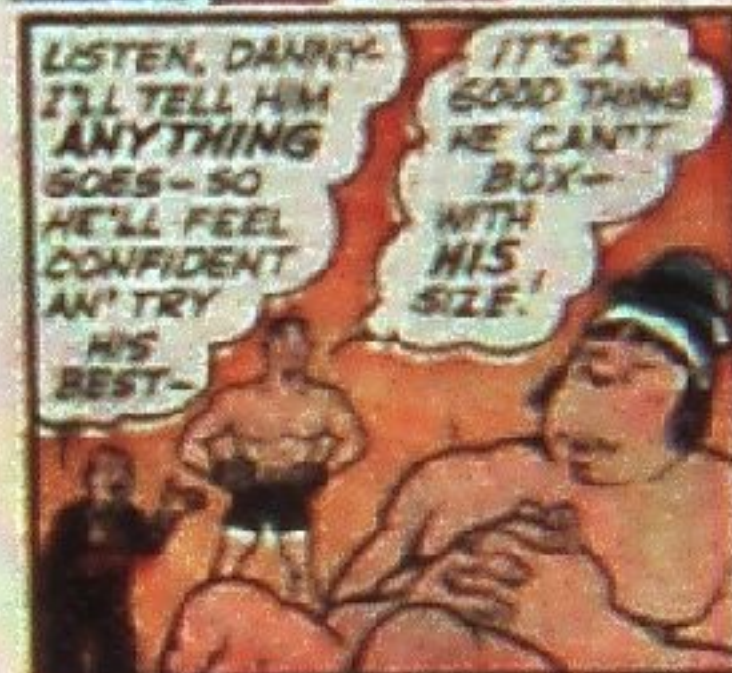
I WANTCHA T'SPAR A BIT WITH HIM TO GIVE HIM CONFIDENCE AN' BREAK HIM IN!

BUT, I HAD A DATE WITH MOLLY, NIFTY—



IT'LL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES— I WANNA JUST TAKE THE SHYNESS OUTA HIM!

GO AHEAD, DANNY— I DON'T MIND WAITING!



LISTEN, DANNY— I'LL TELL HIM ANYTHING GOES— SO HE'LL FEEL CONFIDENT AN' TRY HIS BEST—

IT'S A GOOD THING HE CAN'T BOX— WITH HIS SIZE!



NOW GET INTO THE RING, BEPPO— AND REMEMBER— ANYTHING GOES!

ANYTING GOES, SI!



HMM— MUCHO OOMPH— SI SI!

CLANG



SEÑOR NEEFTY, YOU SURE YOU MEAN ANYTING GOES?

SURE SURE— ANYTHING, GO AHEAD!



HOKAY! — FIRS' I GEEVE DEES NICE SENORITA BEEG KEEES!

HUN?



CRACK



FIGHT EES GOOD— PEACE EES BETTER— BUT LOVE EES WONDERFUL!

LET ME GO!

I JUST HAVE T'DO THIS!



NOW, LOOK— LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO MY INVESTMENT!

WELL— LOOK WHAT YOUR INVESTMENT DID TO MY MAKEUP!

AND LOOK AT MY HAND— IT'S SWELLING LIKE A BALLOON!



# MOLLY THE MODEL

HELLO, MOLLY—YES—YOU WANT ME TO COME DOWN TO THE SHOP!

YES, POP, WILL YOU BRING MY MAKE-UP BOX DOWN TO THE BONTON SHOP—I'M MODELING GOWNS HERE—AND HURRY, POP!

MOLLY SAID IF SHE'S NOT RIGHT HERE T'SIT AND WAIT—

GASTON—I THINK IT'S BOMBO, THE BIG BUYER FROM BOSTON!

WE MUST GET HIS ORDER!

A SPECIAL FASHION PARADE FOR YOU, SIR—I'M SURE YOU WILL BE PLEASED!

YEAH, I THINK SO!

IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR STYLE—ANY MODEL YOU PREFER, SIR?

I KINDA LIKE THAT ONE!

HA HA—YOU'EST, SIR—BUT MAYBE SHE WILL HAVE DINNER WITH YOU!

TOO BAD YOU'RE LATE, MOLLY—I JUST NAILED A BIG BUYER FOR A DINNER DATE AND A FAT COMMISSION!

WELL, WHERE TO, BIG BOY—THE RITZMORE?

LET'S GO TO MOE'S WAGON—I'VE GOT A MEAL TICKET THERE!

GUZZLE YOUR JAVA, CUTIE—WE GOTTA GET MOVIN'!

BUT—WHERE ARE WE GOING?

AND WHAT'S THE RUSH?

WE HAVE TO GET TO THE MOVIES—

BEFORE THE PRICES CHANGE!

OH! THIS IS TOO MUCH—GOOD BYE!

BARGAIN MATINEE 15¢ UNTIL 5 P.M. COME EARLY!

HEY—WAIT A MINUTE—I THOUGHT Y' WANTED TWO PLACES?

I DO, BUT NOT WITH YOU—YOU PENNYARCADE PLAYBOY!



# OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.



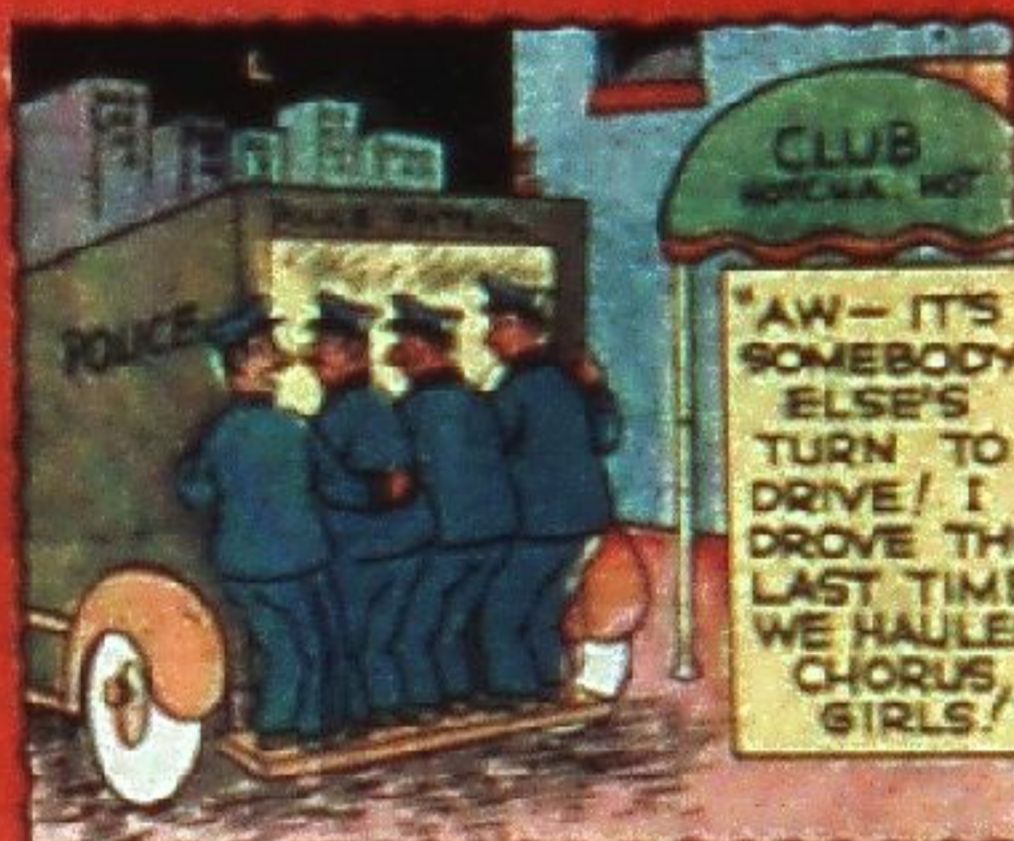
"THERE/ONCE JUNIOR  
HITS THAT BULL'S EYE  
WE'LL  
HAVE NO  
MORE  
NOISE!"



"CMON, MISTER—FORK OVER—  
I GET 40¢ FOR NOT LETTIN'  
HIM BITE PEOPLE!"



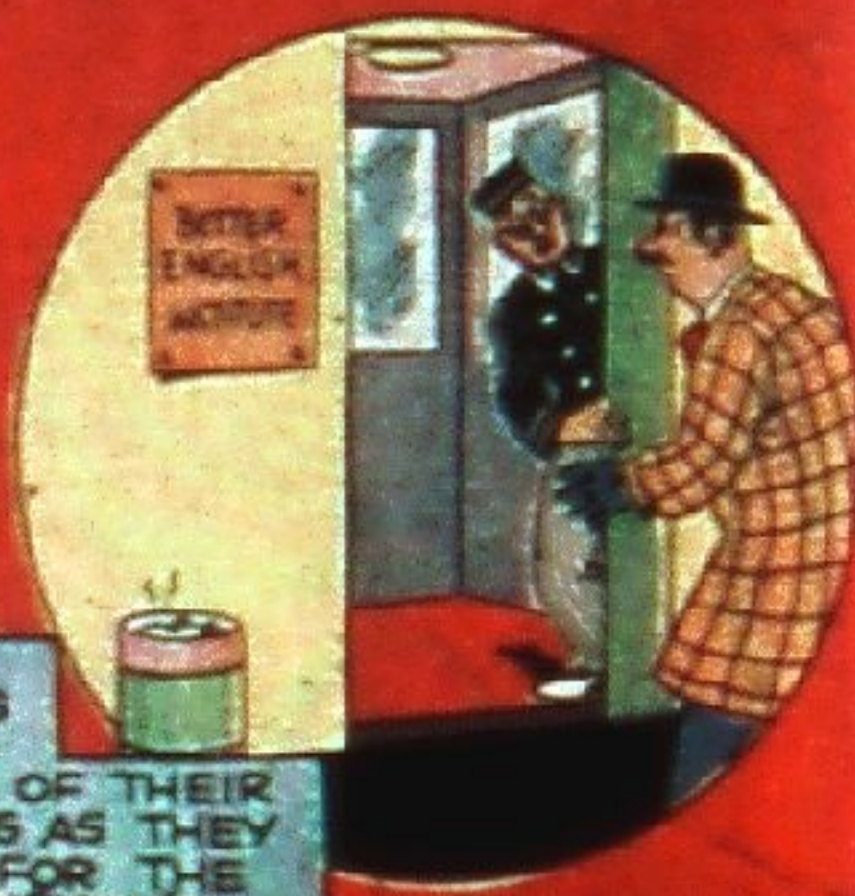
"H-HEY! WHAT'S  
GOIN ON IN  
THERE?"



"AW— IT'S  
SOMEBODY  
ELSE'S  
TURN TO  
DRIVE! I  
DROVE THE  
LAST TIME  
WE HAULED  
CHORUS  
GIRLS!"



"VAN GOOF WAS TOO POOR  
TO HIRE A MODEL — SO  
HE HADDA USE HIS  
LANDLORD FOR ONE!"



"ALL  
PATRONS  
SHALL  
BEWARE OF THEIR  
FOOTING AS THEY  
ENTER FOR THE  
ASCENSION!"



# THE SPACE LEGION

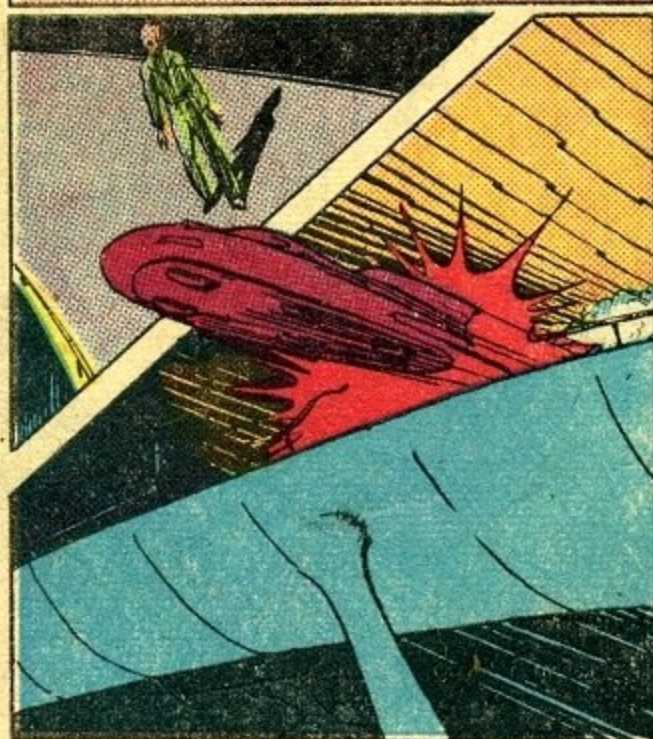
by  
YERN



ROCK BRADDON, HERO OF THE SPACE LEGION, USES HIS STRENGTH AND COURAGE IN A CONSTANT BATTLE AGAINST THE EVILS OF A FUTURE WORLD...

WHIRLING OVER SUPER HIGHWAYS OF "METROPOLIS," CAPTAIN BRADDON HEARS AN INTERESTING NEWS FLASH...

A FIGURE LOOMS IN FRONT OF THE CAR... MAGNETIC BRAKES SCREAM AS THE JUGGERNAUT HURTTLES THE RAMP...



ROCK LEAPS FROM HIS FALLING CAR AND CLUTCHES WILDLY FOR THE BROKEN GUARD-RAIL



COLD SWEAT COVERS ROCK'S FACE AS HE STARES INTO A PAIR OF STRANGELY LIFELESS EYES...



BRADDON TAKES HIM TO THE LEGION BASE WHERE DOCTORS EXAMINE THE STRICKEN MAN...





GENTLEMEN, DOCTOR CALEB HAS BEEN ROBBED OF EVERY ATOM OF KNOWLEDGE... THIS CASE IS BEYOND THE REALM OF MEDICAL SCIENCE!



LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE SPACE LEGION.. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, ROCK?



SOMEONE IS INTENT ON DESTROYING EVERY GREAT BRAIN IN THE WORLD, CHIEF! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

WHEN ROCK LEAVES, HE FAILS TO SEE A GROTESQUE, HUNCHED FIGURE FOLLOW HIM...



SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY THERE IS A MADMAN I MUST DESTROY!



A PASSER-BY SEES THE HUNCHBACK CREEPING FROM THE SHADOWS..



HELP!



WHAT TH'!

THAT MAN!



THE HUNCHBACK WHIPS OUT A GUN-LIKE CONTAINER.. A CLOUD OF GAS ENVELOPES ROCK AND THE GIRL

GET BACK! UGH!



A SLEEK ROCKET CAR ROLLS UP...

BAH! I DIDN'T WANT TWO OF THEM, GOR... ONLY CAPTAIN BRADDON!



WELL, GET THEM INSIDE QUICK, FOOL... WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE!





AFTER A LONG DRIVE THE CAR STOPS IN FRONT OF A LOW BUILDING..



THEY HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM THE GAS YET... COME, WE'LL TAKE THEM TO THE LABORATORY!



ROCK AWAKENS TO FIND HIMSELF SECURELY BOUND..



AH! YOU ARE AWAKE, CAPTAIN BRADDON?



I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE BECAUSE I NEED YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF SPACE STRATEGY!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN FORCE INFORMATION OUT OF ME?



MY DEAR CAPTAIN, I POSSESS THE KNOWLEDGE OF SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MEN OF SCIENCE.. YOU SHALL HAVE THE RARE PRIVILEGE OF SEEING MY METHOD OF ACQUIRING THIS KNOWLEDGE!



GOR! BRING IN PROFESSOR KLEIN, AND PREPARE THE APPARATUS!

YES, MASTER!



BEHOLD! MY BRAIN-STEALING MACHINE! THIS SHALL MAKE ME THE MASTER MIND OF THE UNIVERSE!

YOU...! YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THOSE SCIENTISTS!



SOON AN INTRICATE MAZE OF WIRES CONNECTS THE HEAD OF DR. KLEIN TO THAT OF THE "MASTER BRAIN"

ALL IS READY-THROW THE SWITCH, GOR!



ELECTRIC SPARKS CRACKLE FROM THE MACHINERY.... THE VICTIM'S FACE IS TRANSFORMED TO A HIDEOUS MASK...









GOR WILL KILL HIM...I MUST MAKE MY ESCAPE!



THIS TIME YOU'LL STAY DOWN!



I'M GOING AFTER THAT BRAIN MASTER..CALL THE SPACE LEGION!

BE CAREFUL!

ROCK RELEASES THE GIRL...

... HE DASHES DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY JUST AS A STRATA-PLANE TAKES OFF...



MY ONLY CHANCE!



HE'S HEADING INTO SPACE..I'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE, QUICK!



YOUR EVIL WORK IS DONE..YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!



AS THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE DESPERATELY, THE SHIP PLUNGES EARTHWARD, OUT OF CONTROL..



A FIGURE IS HURLED FROM THE SHIP AND FALLS TO HIS DOOM...



THE SHIP LANDS SAFELY AND ROCK BRADDON STEPS OUT



OH..THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE SAFE!

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK, LADY, NEXT JOB MIGHT BE A LOT TOUGHER!



# MADAM FATAL



ART  
DILLON

IN THE HOME OF JOHN S. GARR, INDUSTRIALIST AND FINANCER, ALL IS QUIET AS THE WEALTHY MAN GOES OVER BUSINESS MATTERS...

NOW -  
WHAT'S  
THIS??



SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH A WEIRD MIST...

A MOMENT LATER THERE IS A CRACKLING AND TERRIFYING SOUND...



LATER, WHEN THE BODY OF GARR IS EXAMINED BY THE POLICE...

THIS MAN WAS  
KILLED BY  
LIGHTNING!

LIGHTNING? ON  
A CLEAR NIGHT  
LIKE THIS...  
WELL-I'LL BE...



THE FOLLOWING DAY AS ROBERT V. GARR, WEALTHY WALL STREET BROKER IS ON HIS WAY DOWNTOWN...

LATER... AT THE HOME OF RICHARD STANTON, FAMOUS FEMALE IMPERSONATOR WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF MADAM FATAL...

SEEMS SOMEONE WANTS TO DO AWAY WITH ALL THE GARRS...  
OH-OH...THERE'S THE PHONE!



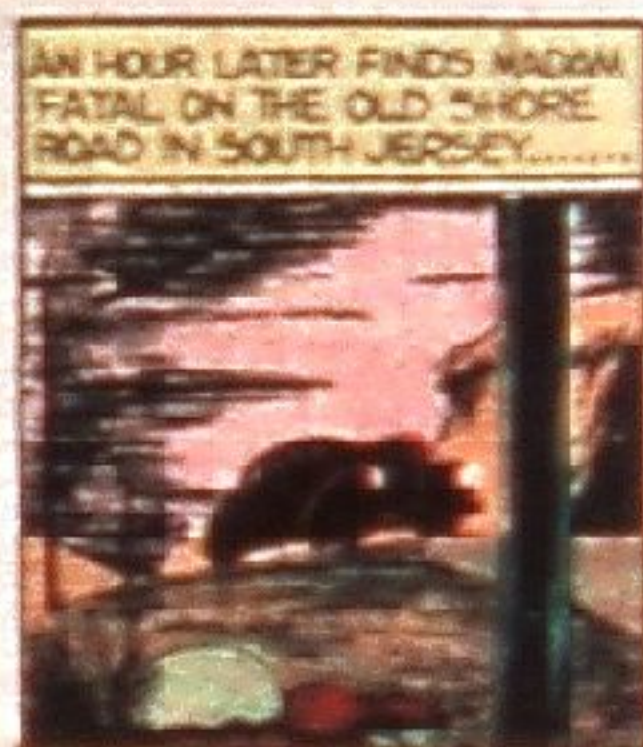
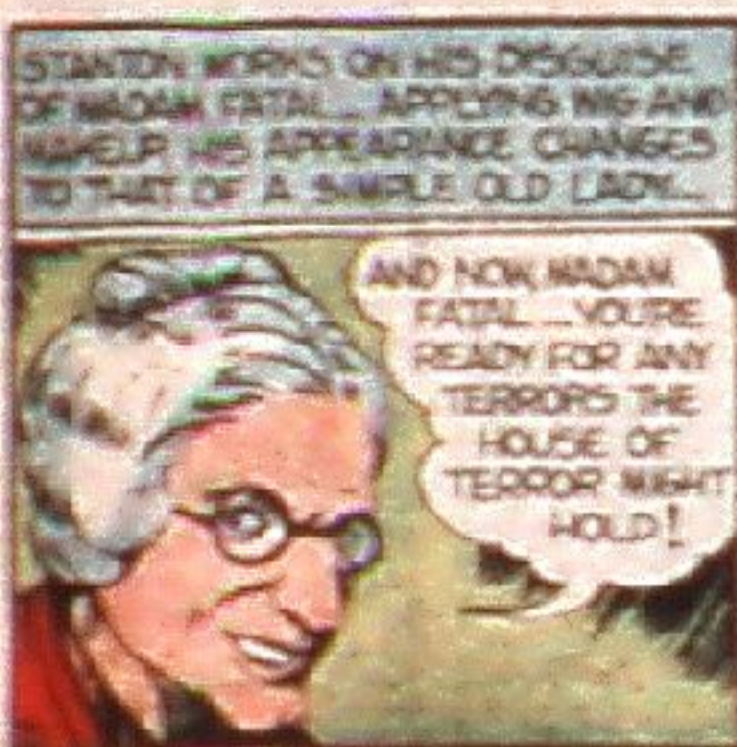
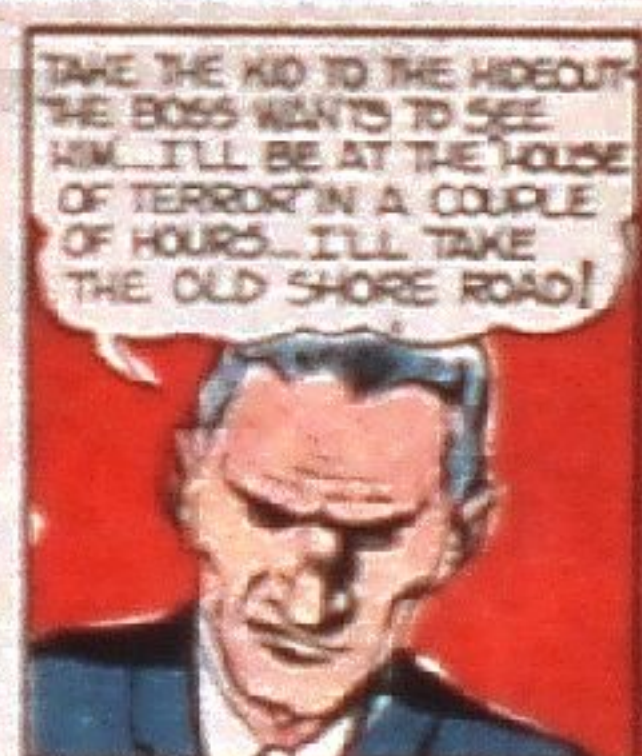
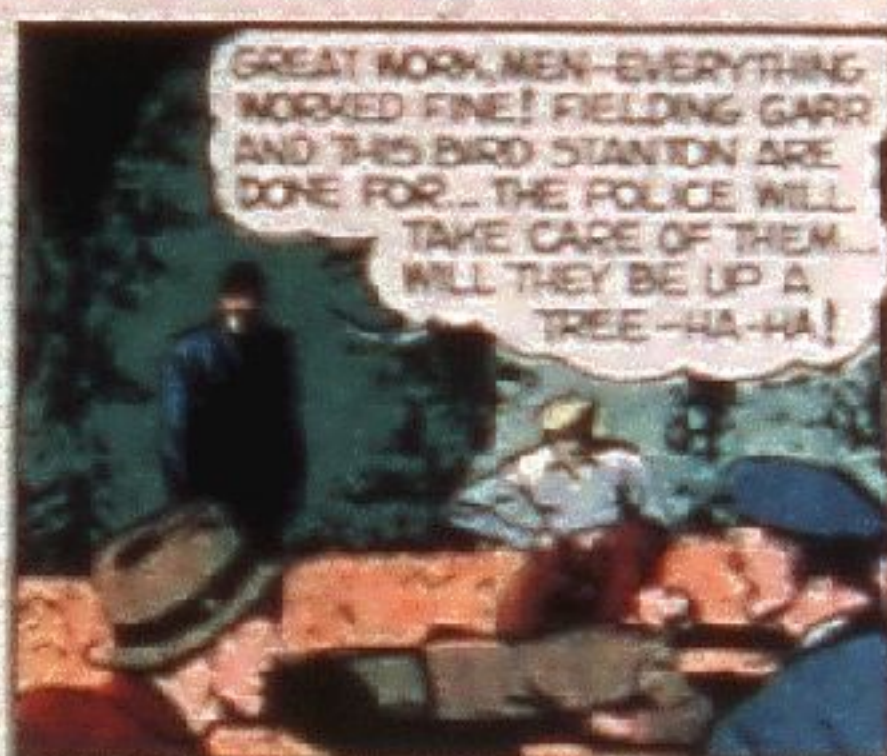
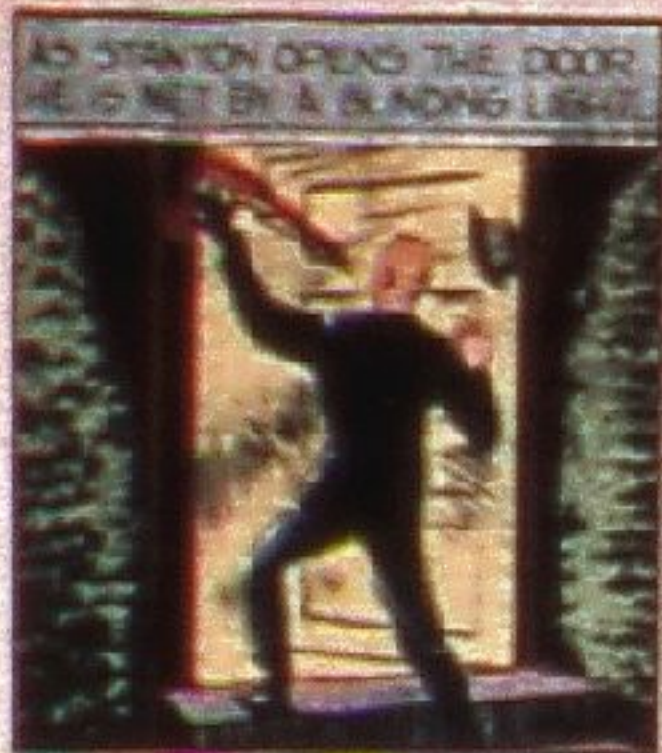
STANTON? THIS IS  
FIELDING GARR...I'M  
IN DANGER-COME OVER  
QUICK!



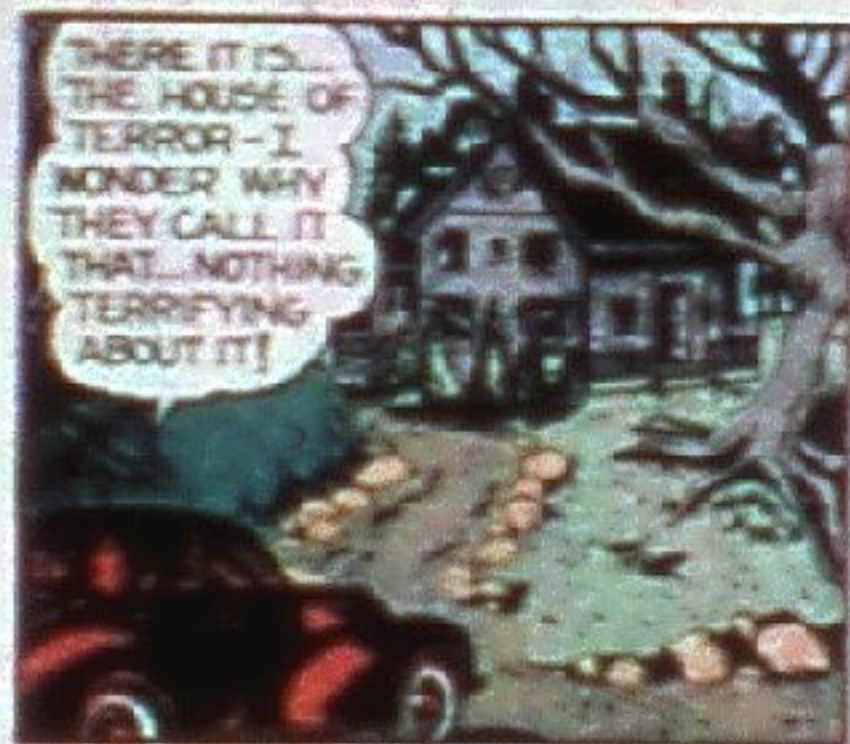
THERE'S GARR  
IN HIS ROOM...  
I HOPE I'M  
NOT TOO  
LATE!!











THERE IT IS... THE HOUSE OF TERROR—I WONDER WHY THEY CALL IT THAT... NOTHING TERRIFYING ABOUT IT!



HIH—NO ONE AROUND... WAIT! WHAT'S THAT DIN? THE HOUSE SEEMS TO BE SHAKING AND THERE'S A RUMELING NOISE AS IF POWERFUL DYNAMOS WERE NEAR HERE!



SO THAT'S WHY PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO COME NEAR THIS PLACE... THINK IT'S HAUNTED... OH-OH! FOOTSTEPS... BETTER HIDE!



A MAN ENTERS... GOING TO A CORNER OF THE ROOM HE OPENS A TRAPDOOR...



AH! THE NOISE IS LOUDER NOW... SO THE HIDEOUT IS DOWN THERE—HERE'S WHERE I FOLLOW HIM!

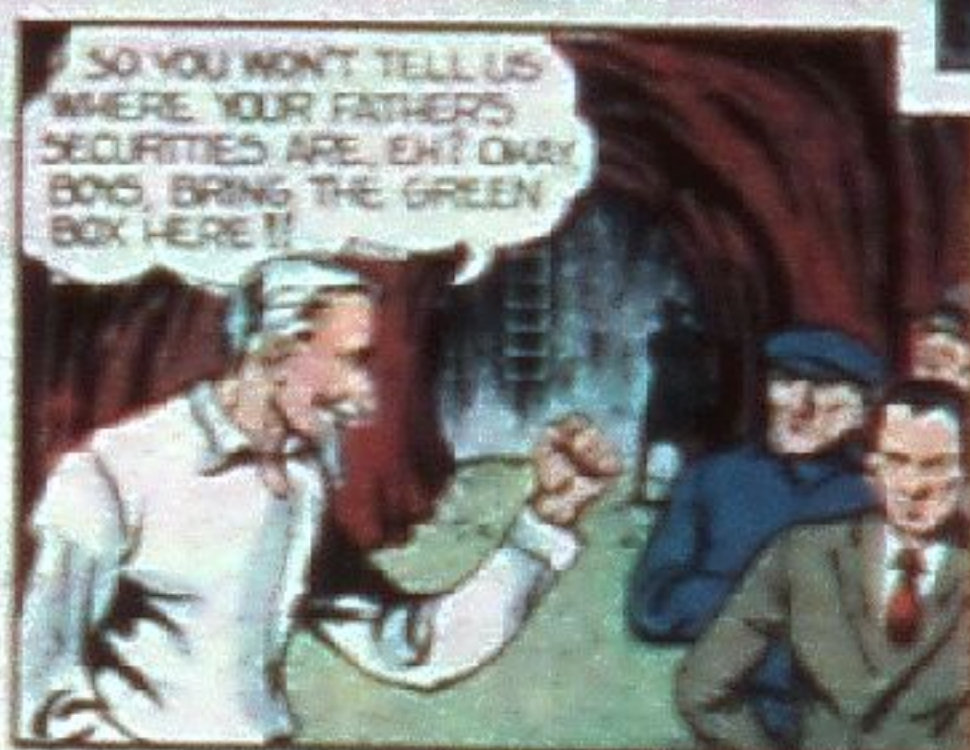


AT A SAFE DISTANCE MADAM FATAL FOLLOWS THE GANGSTER DOWN A ROPE LADDER...

LUCKY LANDING!



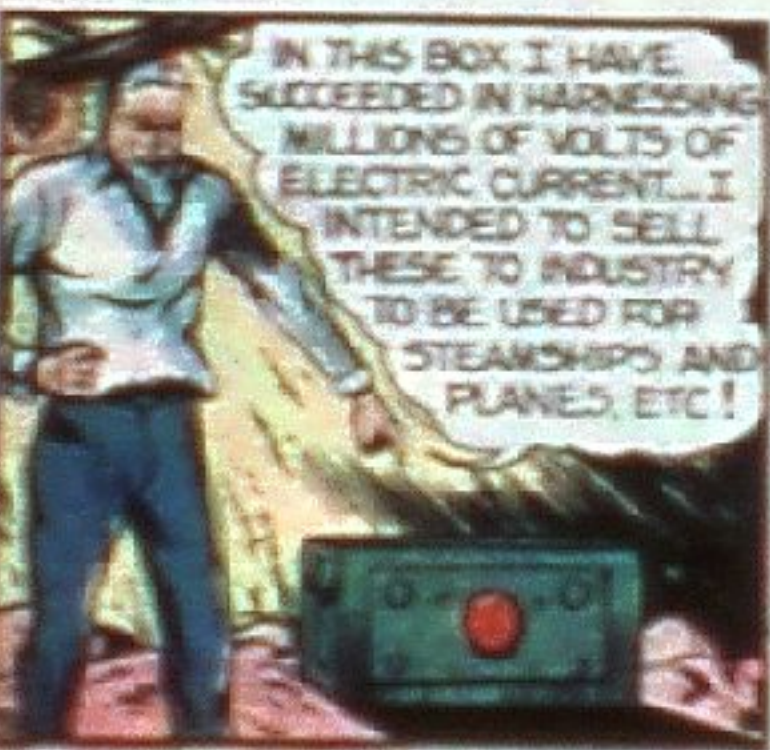
THEY'RE UP AHEAD IN THIS TUNNEL... GOT TO GET A LITTLE CLOSER...



SO YOU WON'T TELL US WHERE YOUR FATHER'S SECURITIES ARE, EH? ONLY BOYS BRING THE GREEN BOX HERE!!



YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW HOW THE OTHER RICH GARRIS DIED!



IN THIS BOX I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN HARNESSING MILLIONS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRIC CURRENT... I INTENDED TO SELL THESE TO INDUSTRY TO BE USED FOR STEAMSHIPS AND PLANES, ETC!



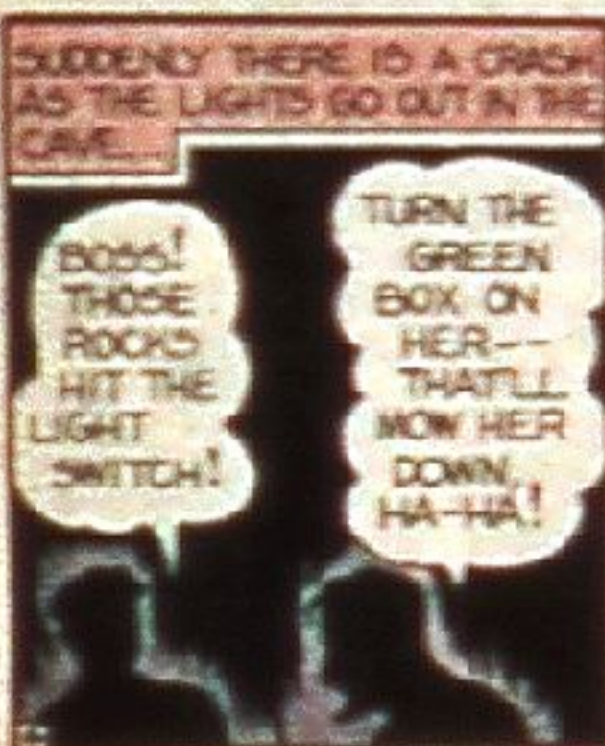
BUT MEN WERE AFRAID THAT I'D REVOLUTIONIZE THE POWER PLANT INDUSTRY! HOWEVER, WHEN I COMPLETED MY INVENTION I FOUND IT WAS USELESS COMMERCIALY!

SO YOU TURNED TO TERRIFYING RICH MEN INTO GIVING YOU A SHARE OF THEIR BUSINESS, AND THEN KILLED THEM!!



YES—WHEN ALL THOSE MEN BY THE NAME OF GARRIS DIED BY LIGHTNING ON CLEAR DAYS, THE POLICE WERE BAFFLED... HA-HA!









Follow the mysterious adventures of Madam Fatal in the December issue of CRACK COMICS.



# The RED TORPEDO

BY  
ROY LARKEN

EX-CAPTAIN IN THE U.S.N., HIS SELF-NAVIGATING TORPEDO THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT, THE MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS RED TORPEDO SAILS THE SEVEN SEAS.

AVENGING CRIMES AND PUNISHING THE GUILTY, HE IS A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP.

SAY, THAT LOOKS LIKE MY OLD ENEMY, THE BLACK SHARK! WHAT IS HE UP TO NOW? I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS.



INTO MY SUBMARINE YOU GO! I'LL SELL YOU TO THE KING OF THE CAVERNS.



I'LL JUST KEEP ON HIS TAIL!



HE FELL FOR MY SCHEME! HE'S FOLLOWING ME LIKE A DOG!



HE'S DESCENDING FARTHER INTO THE SEA THAN I'VE EVER GONE. THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING!

THE "SHARK" DISAPPEARS INTO A CAVE



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M IN FOR, BUT HERE GOES!

INCANDESCENT FISH LIGHT THE LONG, WINDING TUNNEL

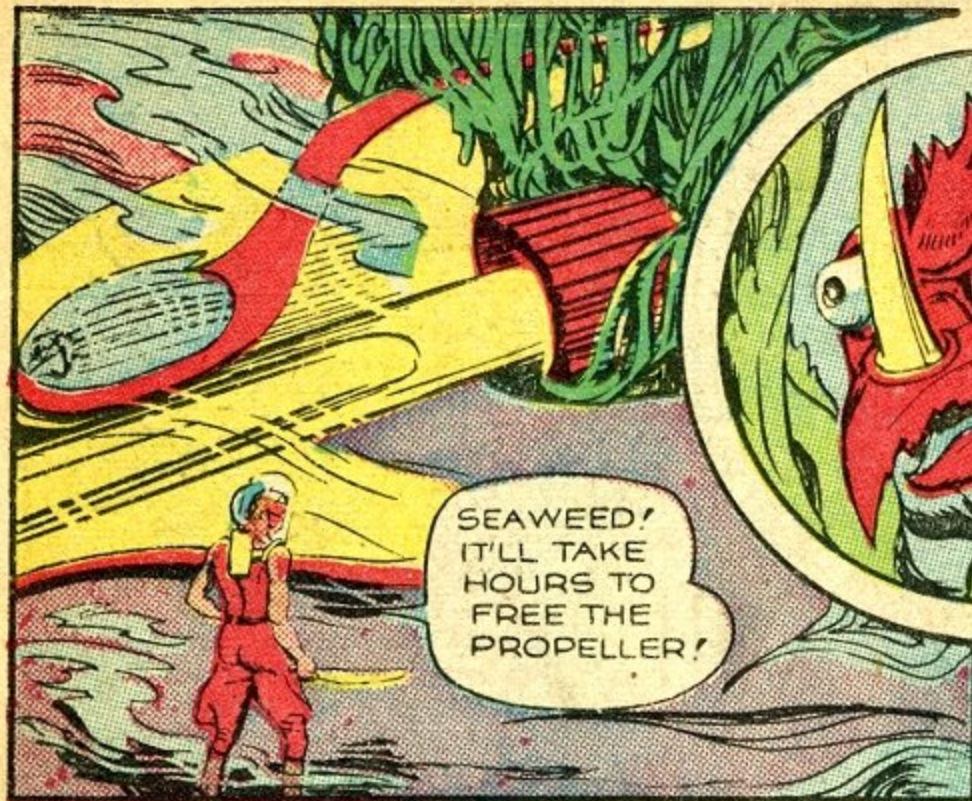


SUDDENLY

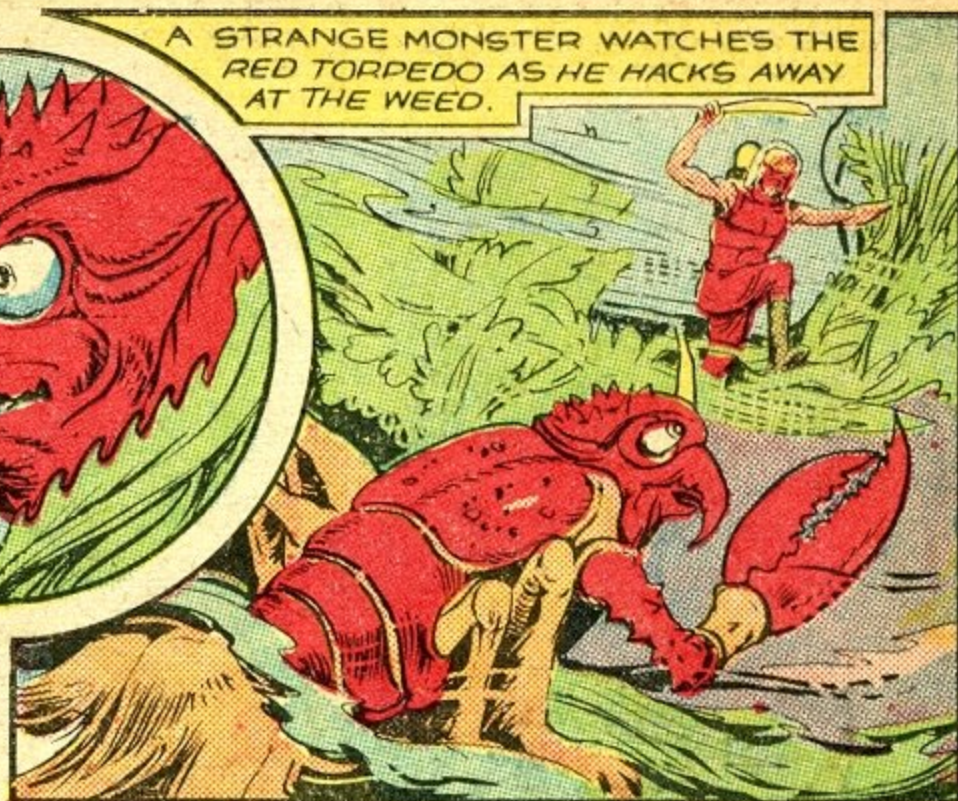


MY SHIP IS STALLED! I'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT'S WRONG!





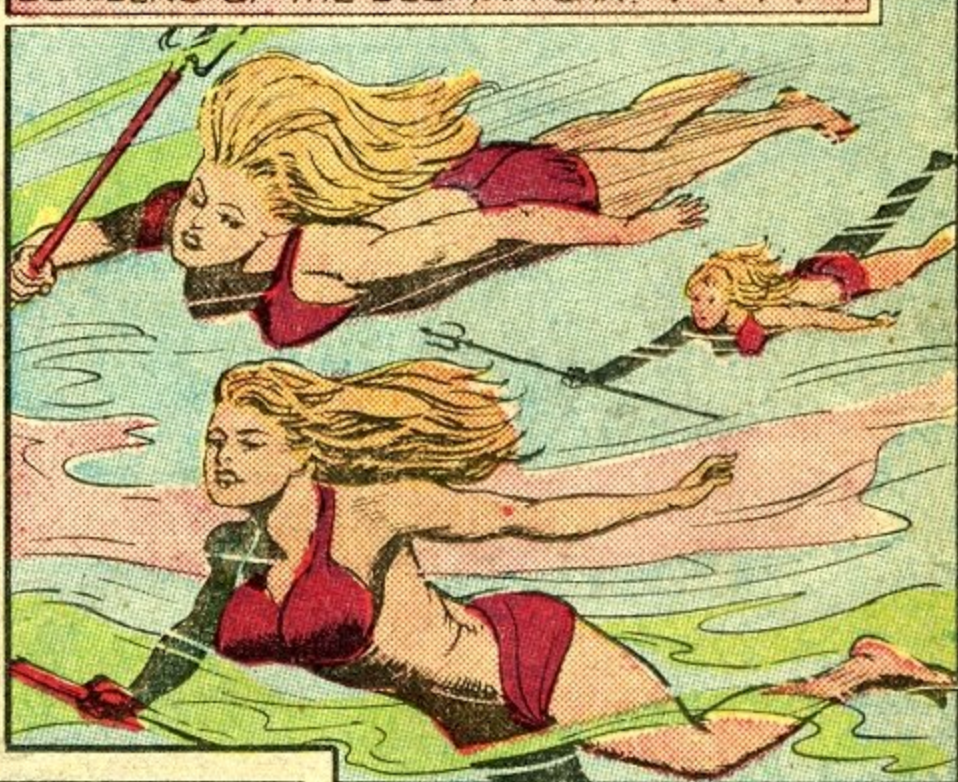
A STRANGE MONSTER WATCHES THE RED TORPEDO AS HE HACKS AWAY AT THE WEED.



SUDDENLY IT ATTACKS... SHARP, STEEL-LIKE CLAWS CLOSE ON THE RED TORPEDO.



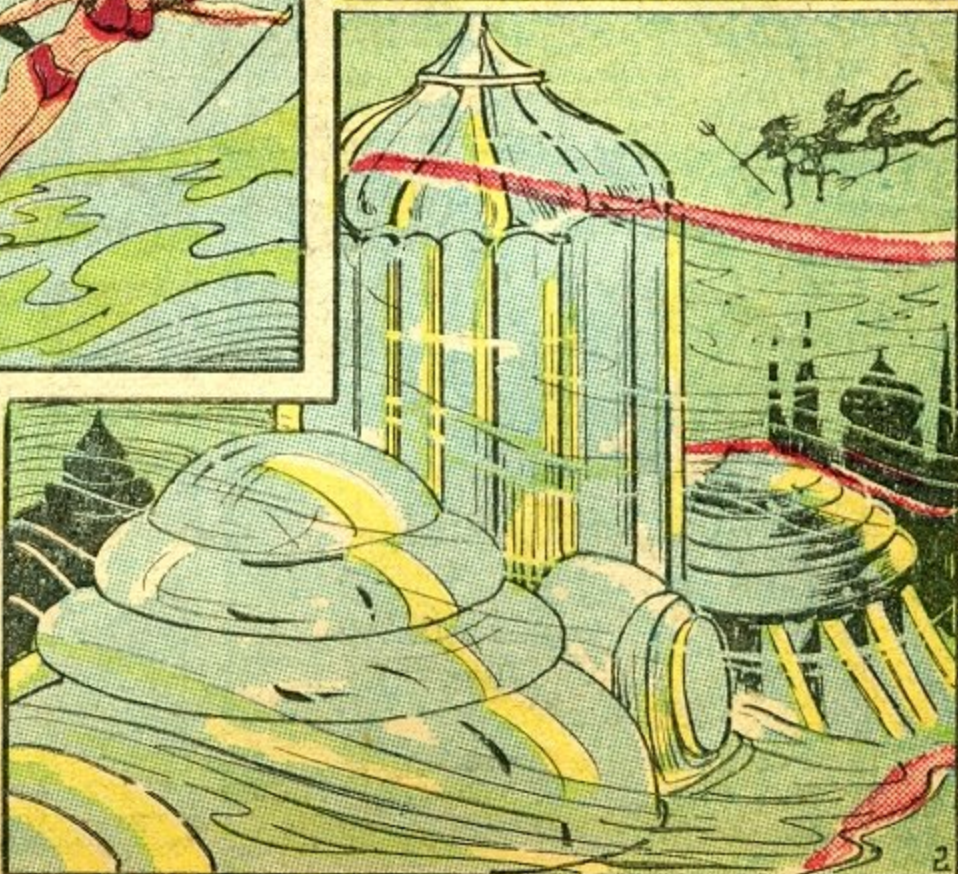
HELP ARRIVES... THREE MERMAZONS, FIGHTING DENIZENS OF THE DEEP, APPEAR.



AND MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE MONSTERS.



THE MERMAZONS CARRY THE UNCONSCIOUS RED TORPEDO TO THEIR CRYSTAL CITADEL.





THE RED TORPEDO SOON REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.



OH, MY HEAD! WHERE'S MY SHIP? SAY, WHERE ARE YOU WOMEN FROM??

YOU ARE IN THE CITADEL OF MEREZONIA, RULED BY QUEEN KLITRA. YOU ARE HERE FOR A SPECIAL SERVICE!



QUEEN KLITRA

KLITRA TELLS THE RED TORPEDO OF HER ENEMY, THE CRUEL KING OF THE CAVERNS



MEANWHILE, THE BLACK SHARK TAKES OVER THE TORPEDO'S SHIP.

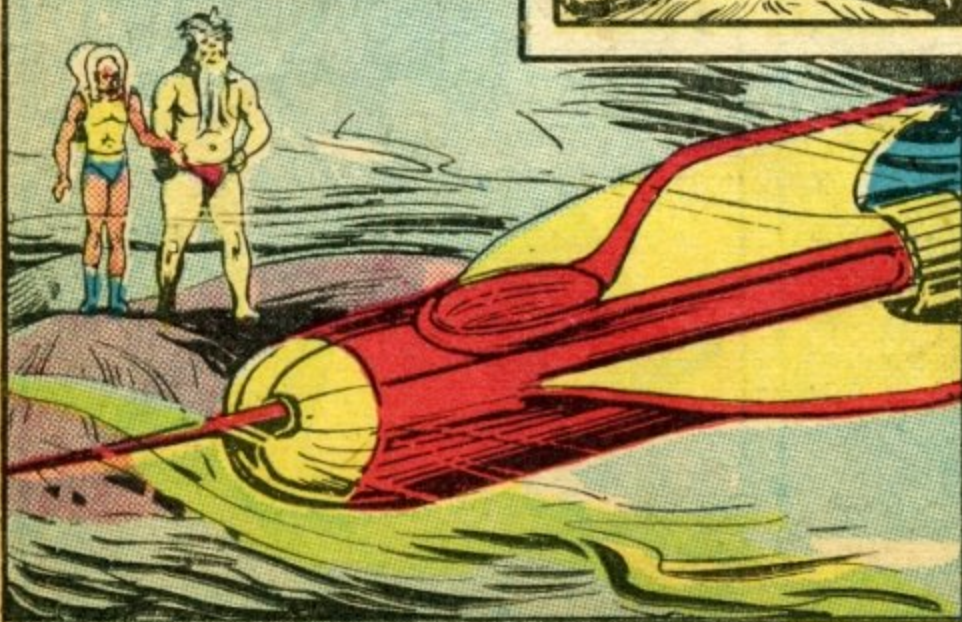


THIS IS JUST WHAT WE NEED TO ATTACK MEREZONIA.



YOUR MAJESTY, I HAVE CAPTURED THE RED TORPEDO'S POWERFUL CRAFT!

UP TO NOW, WE HAVE BEEN HELPLESS, BUT WITH THAT PROW WE CAN EASILY SMASH THE CRYSTAL WALLS OF MEREZONIA.



WHEN YOU HAVE PIERCED THEIR DOME, I SHALL SEND MY TROOPS TO INVAD THE CITADEL!



THE BLACK SHARK HAS GONE TO PREPARE THE WAY. BE READY TO FOLLOW!





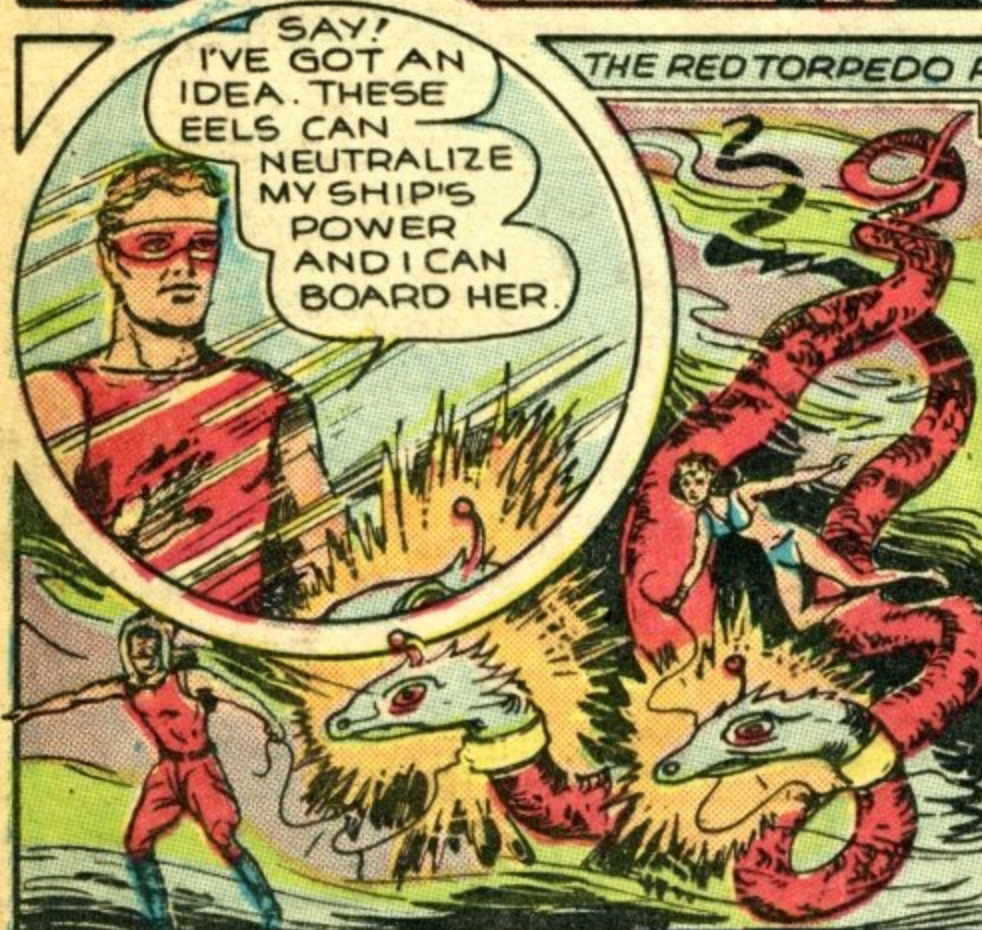
WHAT CAN YOU DO TO PROTECT MY PEOPLE AND THEIR PROPERTY?

I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.. BUT YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET MY SHIP FALL INTO THE BLACK SHARK'S HANDS!



WHAT ARE THOSE ODD LOOKING CREATURES?

THEY ARE MY TAME GIANT ELECTRIC EELS.



SAY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA. THESE EELS CAN NEUTRALIZE MY SHIP'S POWER AND I CAN BOARD HER.

THE RED TORPEDO PLACES THE EELS SO THAT THE BLACK SHARK IS COMPELLED TO SAIL BETWEEN THEM.



WELL, HERE GOES!



THROUGH A SECRET VALVE, THE TORPEDO ENTERS HIS CRAFT.



UNSEEN BY THE BLACK PIRATE

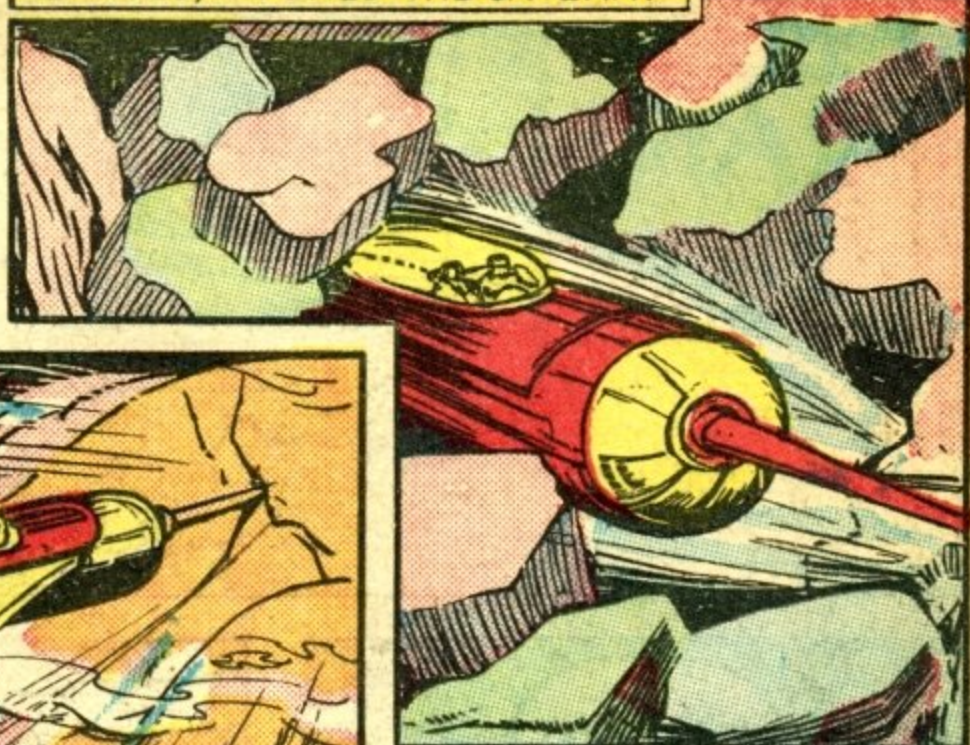
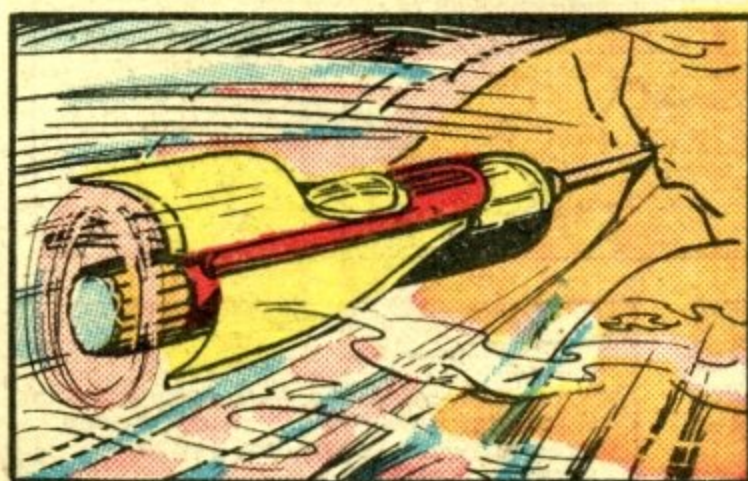
OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK! STALLED!





WITH THE SHARK A PRISONER, THE RED TORPEDO TAKES KLITRA ABOARD HIS SHIP.

THE RED TORPEDO, AVOIDING THE ENTANGLING SEAWEED, CRASHES THE CAVERN.



NEXT MONTH THE RED TORPEDO HAS A THRILLING UNDERSEA ADVENTURE... IN HIS STRANGE CRAFT, HE GOES DEEP INTO THE MYSTERIOUS DARK DEPTHS OF THE UNKNOWN WATERY WASTES.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

OUTSIDE OF THE TWO  
THAT WERE THE NIGHT-  
LONGERS WITH THE LAST  
BURN OF THE DAY,  
THE CANOE RACE -  
THEY JOCKEY AHEAD  
LINE FOR THE START

SLUG TO GET AWAY CARTERS, PAUL,  
NED BRANT AND WOLF THE UNTIMED  
TAMARACK TRAIL, MOST OF  
THE OTHER CRAFT...

WE'RE PRETTY  
FAR BEHIND,  
WOLF!

THESE FACES ARE  
TOO FAST - THEY'LL  
NEVER BE ABLE TO  
KEEP IT UP, NED!

BY THE TAMARACK, BUT, ABOUT TWENTY TO  
THIRTY FEET, WE'RE STRAIGHTLY BEHIND THE SPACE OF OPEN  
WATER BETWEEN IT AND THE OTHER  
SUPPORTING TEAM.

STROKE -  
STROKE

NO!  
NED!  
NED!

THEY WOULD BE HAVING IN THE END  
NED AND WOLF HAVE A BIG FOR  
VICTORY WITH LONG, STEADY  
STROKES.

WOLF TAMARACK IS GETTING  
ACROSS OUR COURSE - OLENA  
WE SLOW DOWN WILL  
CRASH!

STEADY -  
STOP FADDLING -  
BARE TOWARD ME -  
I THINK I CAN  
SPOT THEIR  
PLAN.

YOU DID  
IT, WOLF!

WITH AN UNBELIEVABLE  
POWERFUL STROKE OF  
HIS PADDLE, WOLF  
LIFTS THE BOW OF THE CARTER  
CRAFT OUT OF THE WATER  
AND OVER THE STERN OF  
THE TAMARACK CRAFT...

CRASH! FULLY WHISTLING THROUGH  
THEM, CARTER TRIMMED AND  
WOLF SPOKE THE GREAT FALL OF  
ON THE TAMARACK  
TRAIL.

FASTER!  
NED!  
FASTER!

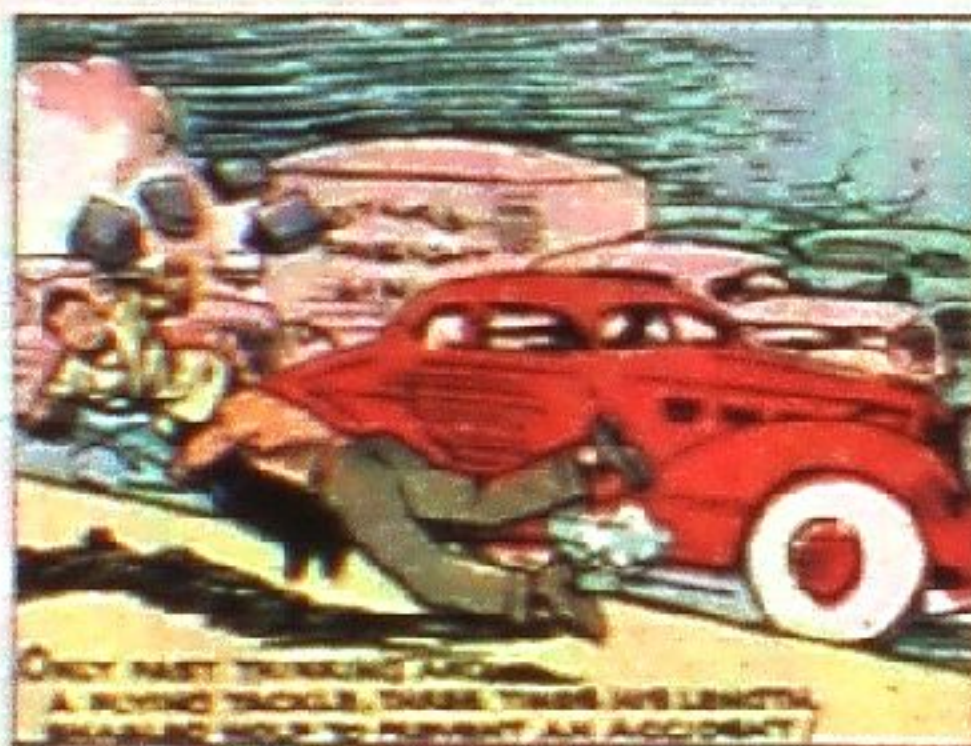
DOWN TO BOAT TAMARACK FIGURED TO BE A  
CHUCK TO WIN, AND CARTER, NOT GIVEN AN  
OUTSIDE CHANCE FOR VICTORY, ENDED ON  
TO THE FINISH LINE.

THEN, WITH A BLOODHOUND EFFORT, THE  
CARTER MEN FINALLY LIFT THEIR CRAFT FROM  
THE WATER, AS THEY SHOOT OVER THE  
FINISH LINE... THE WINNERS!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

WAS FASTER  
THAN  
NED BRANT!

WAS  
BRAINIER  
THAN SID  
SHAKELS!

AND  
YOU GUYS  
ARE  
INCONSIDERATE!

WHY  
ARGUE  
ABOUT IT?  
LET'S TAKE  
A LOOK

SURE—  
THE TEAMS  
PRACTICING  
RIGHT  
NOW

I STILL SAY THAT WOLF WILL  
BE A GREATER STAR THAN  
EITHER NED OR SID

THEY  
TELL ME  
COACH BRANT  
IS REALLY  
FITTING THE  
BLAST ON  
THE REGULARS  
FOR THE WAY  
WOLF'S RUNNING  
WILD!

YES, THIS IS MY FIRST TEAM, ALL RIGHT—I REMEMBER YOU NOW  
—BUT I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY MIND THAT THE TEAM I COACHED  
COULD BRING DOWN A BALL CARRIER WITHOUT DOING A PIT  
AND COVERING IT WITH TWIGS AND BRANCHES!

NOW, LET'S SEE IF SOME  
ONE OF YOU—ANYONE—  
CAN TACKLE WOLF BEFORE  
HE IS NEARING THE CITY  
LIMITS!

COME  
ON, WOLF—  
I'LL GET  
SHAKELS!

NOT  
THIS  
TIME,  
YOU  
BOY!

SAY YOU  
DON'T NEED  
INTERFERENCE  
WOLF—JUST  
FOOT FOR  
FRANCY  
STUFFING!

DID SHAKELS EVER  
INTERFERE AT THE BRITISH  
FOOTBALL MATCH STUFFING WOLF!

WITH HIS BACK HANDS STILL  
RUNNING IN HIS SACK, NED BRANT  
RESCUED WOLF AND WAS APPROACHED  
BY THE SCOUTS!

ALL  
INTRODUCES  
MYSELF  
WHEN YOU  
ALL ON THE  
GROUND  
TOGETHER!

NICE  
TACKLE,  
NED!

OUTMANNING THE INTERFERERS,  
NED KALTS ABANDONED THE DAZZLING  
RUN OF THE INDIAN WITH A BRILLIANT,  
LUNGING TACKLE!

GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE BEEN  
CONCEALING SOMETHING FROM ME—  
THERE IS ONE IN YOUR MIST WHO  
CAN EXECUTE A TACKLE PROPERLY—  
AGAINST FOOTY NEXT WEEK, I  
SHALL EXPECT MORE SURPRISES  
LIKE THIS!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



THAT'S RIPPING UP THAT  
REMOVE CARTER LINE!  
YEAH!

FOR  
BAGGON  
GANG—  
LET'S  
TIGHTEN  
UP!



FIRST AND TEN FOR FIRST  
ON CARTER'S 25!

LET'S MAKE  
THE SCORING  
SEE THEIR  
PENALTY  
AGAIN!



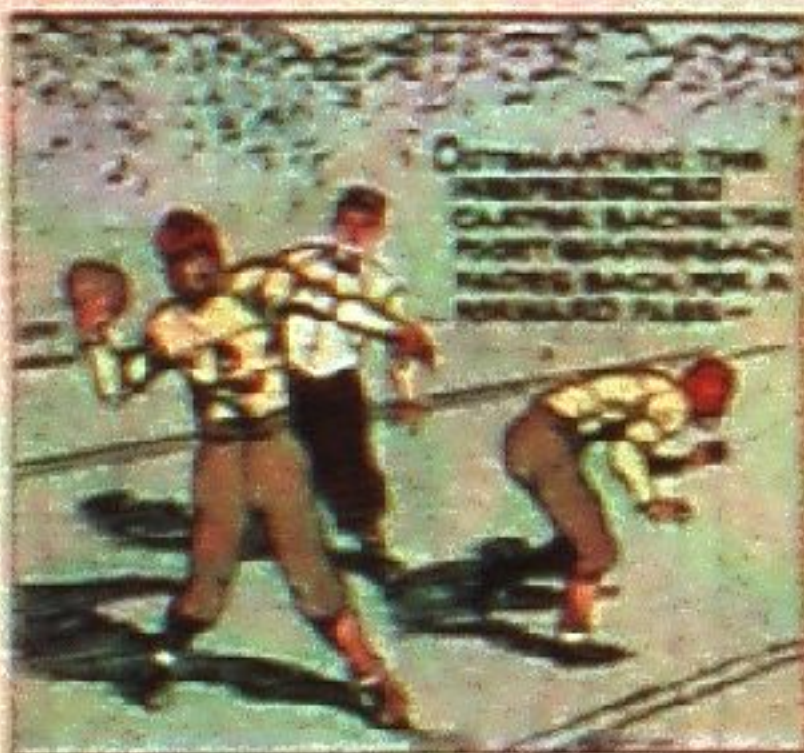
THE FIRST STRING  
BACKFIELD WOULD  
STOP THIS RUSH,  
COACH

WE'RE  
TWO TOUCHDOWNS  
BETTER THAN THEY  
ARE. JAKE—FIRST  
HAS ONLY A  
7 TO 6 LEAD



MOVE IN A LITTLE,  
GUYS— THEY'RE SURE  
TO TRY ANOTHER  
RUSH!

THEY'LL NEVER  
PASS AS LONG AS  
THEY'RE CARRYING  
THROUGH THE  
LINE!



OUTSMARTING THE  
INEXPERIENCED  
CARTER BACK, THE  
FIRST QUARTERBACK  
RAGES BACK FOR A  
FORWARD PASS—



DANGLE,  
BUTCH!

LEAPING HIGH ON CARTER'S 20-YARD  
LINE, THE WHITE FIRST-SAND HAD  
DOWN THE RUSH-LINE PASS!



THE SUBSTITUTE CARTER HALF-  
BACKS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO  
REVERSE A TOUCHDOWN IS  
THREATENED BY A HARD BLOCK  
SCORE FIRST IS  
CARTER'S —



HOW MUCH  
TIME IS LEFT,  
JAKE?

SIX  
MINUTES,  
COACH!



BRANT  
FOR  
MEYER!

BUDDON  
FOR  
BOLTON!

SHEKELS  
FOR  
MYINK!

WOLF FOR  
DE HART!

A GREAT CHEER GOES UP FROM THE CROWD AS CARTER'S  
BULLANT BACKFIELD GOES IN TO SAVE THE DAY!



# Alias THE Spider

THROUGH THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT A CHARGING FIGURE STREAKS FROM THE DARKNESS... THE THUMB OF A BOW-STRING AND A FLASHING SEAL IS OFF.



THE BOW-SNAP IS NOW ANSWERED BY A MACHINE GUN BLAST FROM A FLEEING CAR.....



I'LL GET EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU.... REMEMBER THAT!



YOU'VE ONLY ESCAPED ME FOR THE TIME BEING... I'LL LAUGH LAST!



HAW! MISTER SPIDER DIDN'T STOP US FROM GETTIN' ADAMS' WIFE! AN' SHE WON'T TALK IN COURT TMORRA! AN' HOW!



M-MY MOTHER! IS SHE DEAD?

NO, SON... JUST BADLY HURT!



EASY NOW... I'LL TAKE YOU TO MY HOME... YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE!

OH... THEY KILLED MY HUSBAND BECAUSE HE KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT THAT ROCCO FLINT!



BUT ROCCO'S MOB WON'T HARM YOU, MRS. ADAMS.... I'LL SEE TO THAT!



YOU'RE HOME EARLY, BOSS

YES, CHUCK... HELD ME IN WITH MRS. ADAMS!



WHO DID ROCCO FLINTS IT, BOSS?



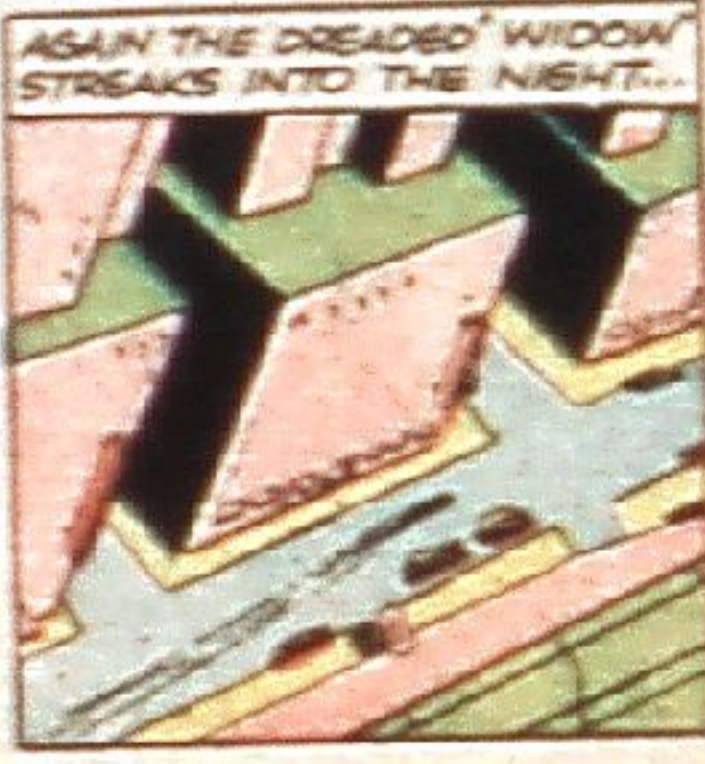
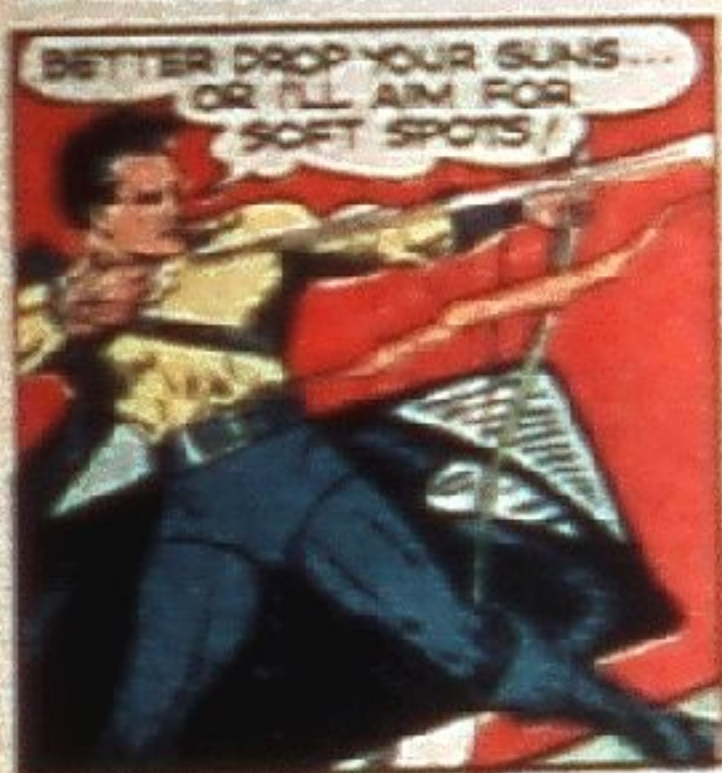








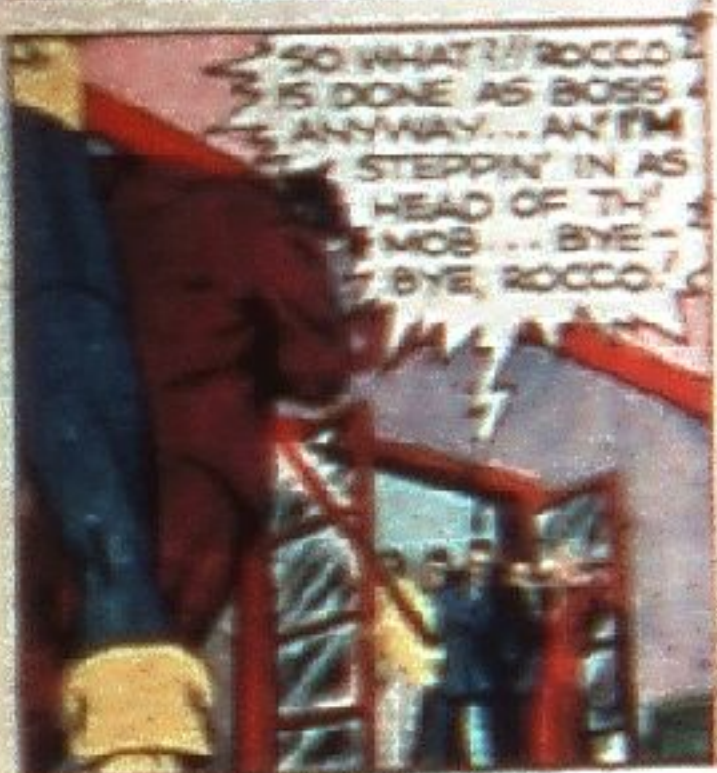












Follow the fast moving action of Alias The Spider in the December issue of CRACK COMICS.



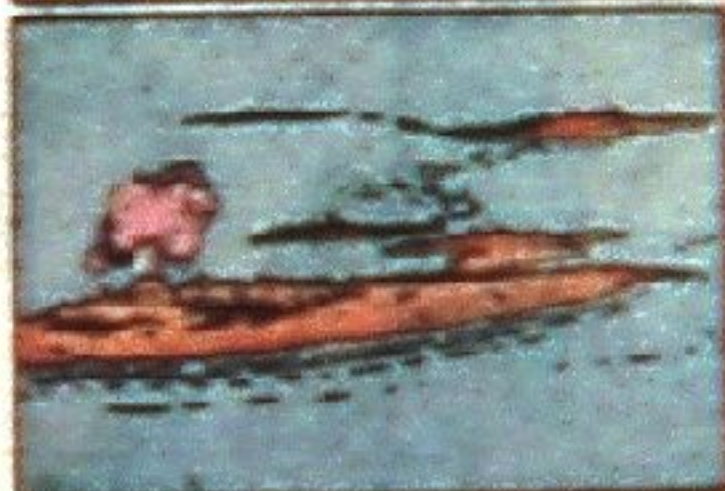
# LEE PRESTON

OF THE

# RED CROSS



A WHOLE TOWN IS BURIED  
BENEATH THE MOLTEN LAVA  
WHEN A VOLCANO ERUPTS  
ON THE ISLAND OF NOA, IN  
THE SOUTH PACIFIC.....



THE RED CROSS SENDS  
IMMEDIATE AID TO THE  
STRICKEN NATIVES...

WE HAVE AMPLE  
CONTRIBUTIONS  
SO YOU  
WILL  
LEAVE  
AT  
ONCE!



IN HER SMALL AMBULANCE  
PLANE, ZOOMING TO THE  
RESCUE, FLIES...



LEE PRESTON, FEAR-  
LESS NURSE-  
AVIATRIX...  
HER RECORD  
OF BRAVERY  
AND RESCUE  
WORK  
HAS NOT  
BEEN  
EQUALED  
BY MANY.



AS SHE PREPARES  
TO LAND, LEE RETRACTS  
THE WHEELS OF HER  
AMBULANCE...

GREAT HEAVENS!  
THERE'S NOT MUCH  
LEFT OF THAT  
POOR TOWN!



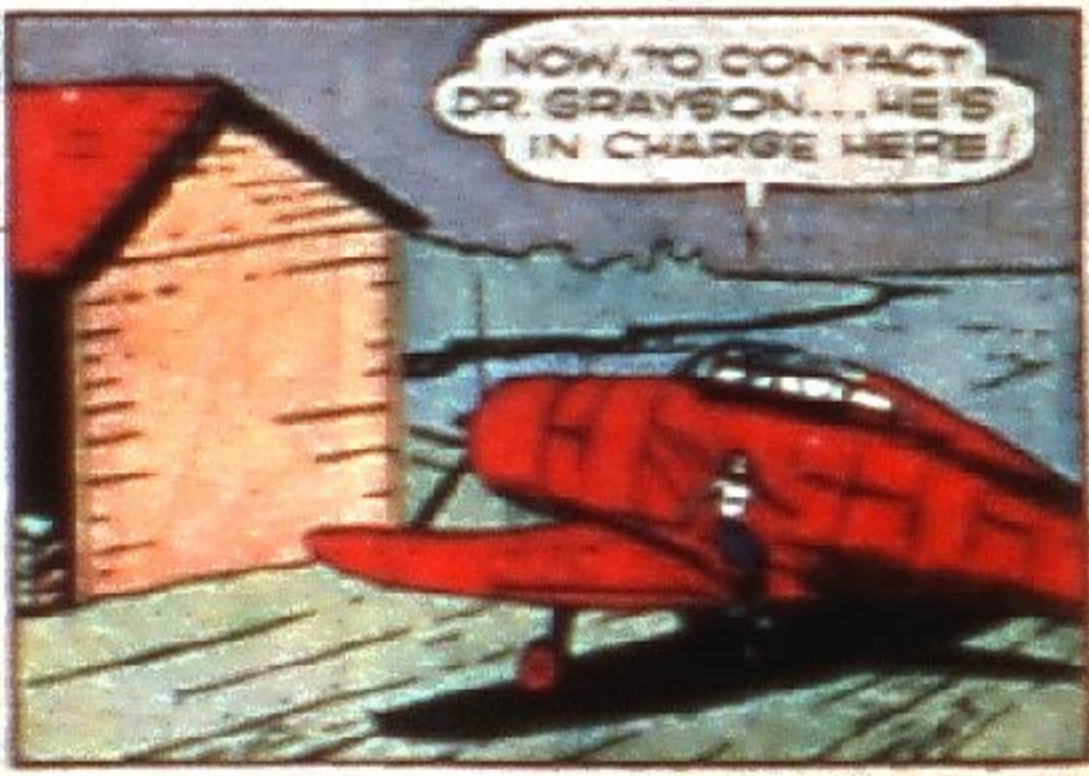
SKILLFULLY, SHE  
BRINGS HER SHIP  
DOWN ON THE  
DOCK...



AND TAXIS TO A FULL  
STOP...

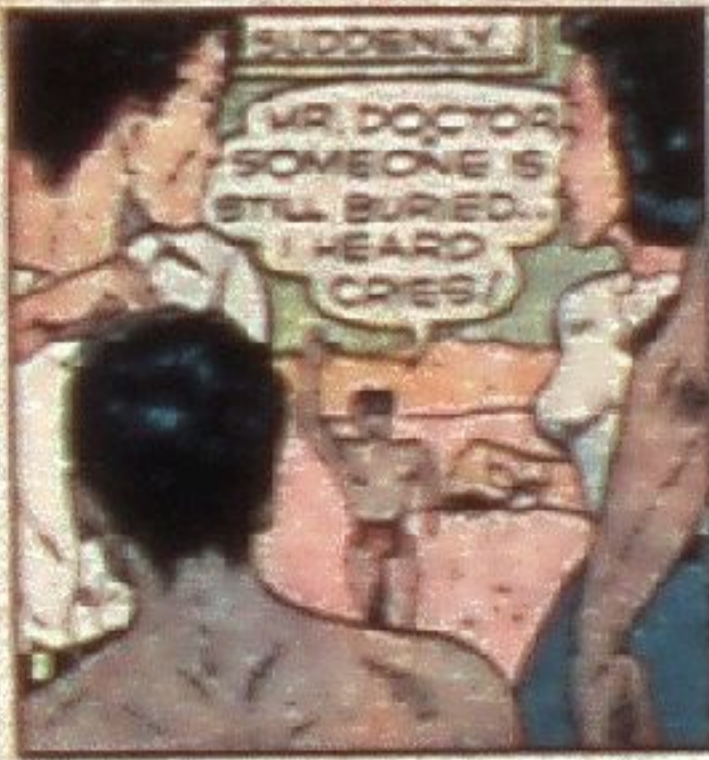


NOW, TO CONTACT  
DR. GRAYSON... HE'S  
IN CHARGE HERE!





SOON SHE IS AT WORK TREATING THE VICTIMS.



LEE AND DR. GRAYSON LEAP INTO AN AMBULANCE AND START FOR THE HILL....



OVER THE STEAMING LAVA THEY SPEED AS THOUGH ACROSS THE UNBAPTIZED TERRAIN OF A STRANGE PLANET....



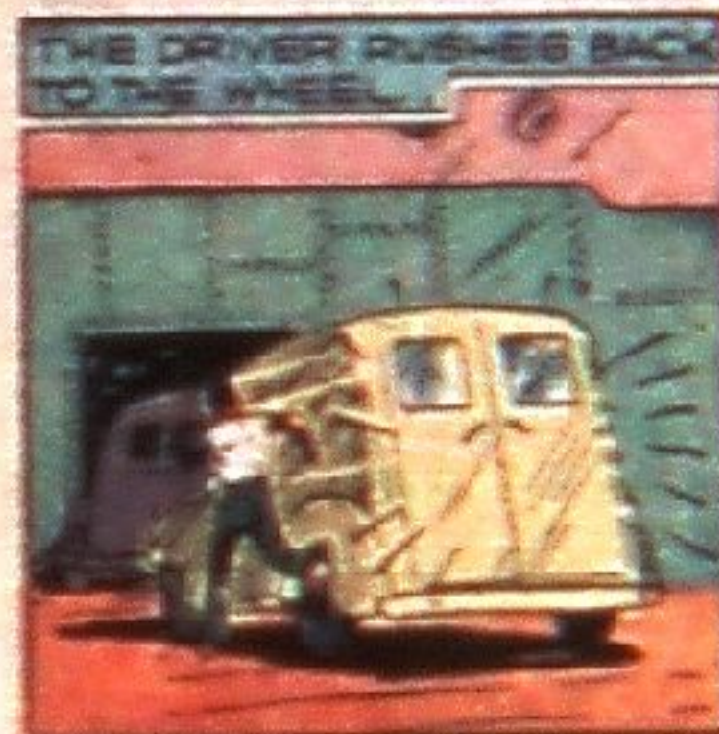
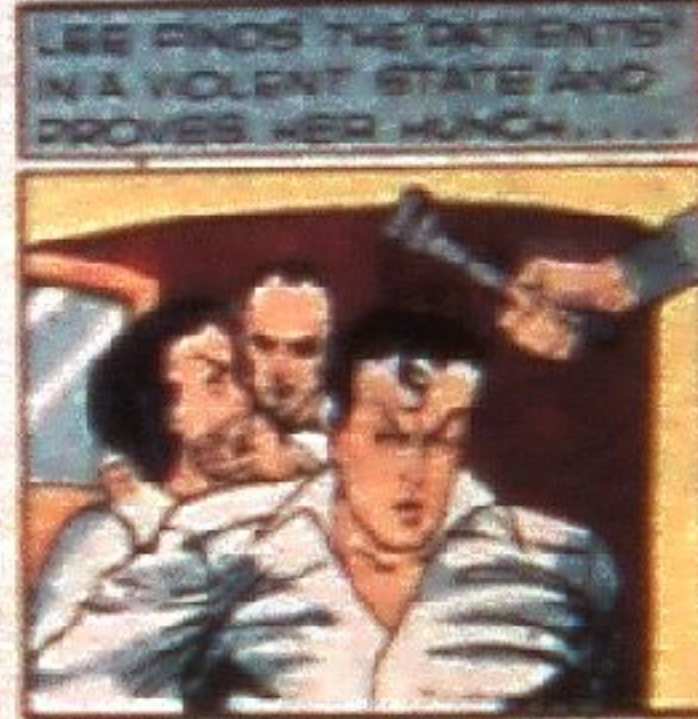
A WEAK VOICE DIRECTS THEM TO THE SPOT....



THEY SPEED BACK TO THE PORT, WHERE A BOAT IS WAITING TO TAKE THE WOUNDED TO A HOSPITAL.









HE ROARS OUT OF THE CAR.



LISTEN, I'VE HAD ENOUGH NONSENSE FROM YOU TWO! ONE MORE MOVE AND I BLOW YOUR HEADS OFF!



BUT A BUMP IN THE ROAD JOLTS THE DRIVER FROM HIS SEAT, AND...



I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL, DOCTOR!

AND I'LL TAKE THE REEL!



LEE HOLDS THE CAR TO ITS COURSE AS IT WHIRTLES DOWN A STEEP HILL...



TAKE THAT! AND THAT! PLUS THAT!!

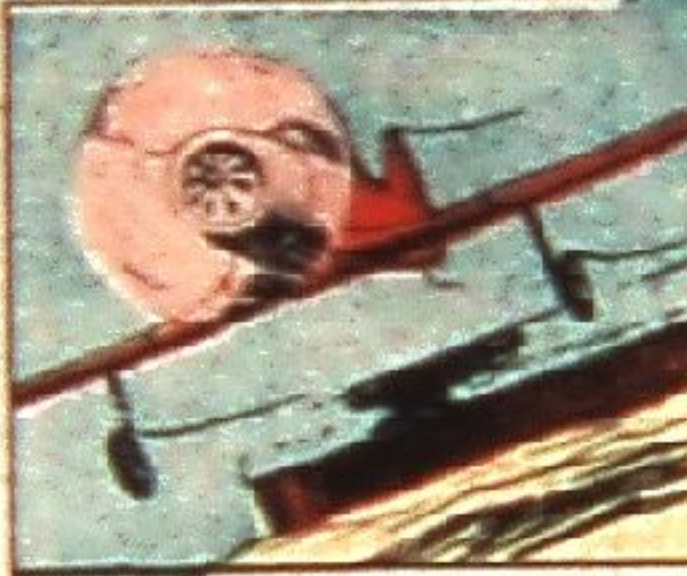
O.K., LEE - HE'S THROUGH!



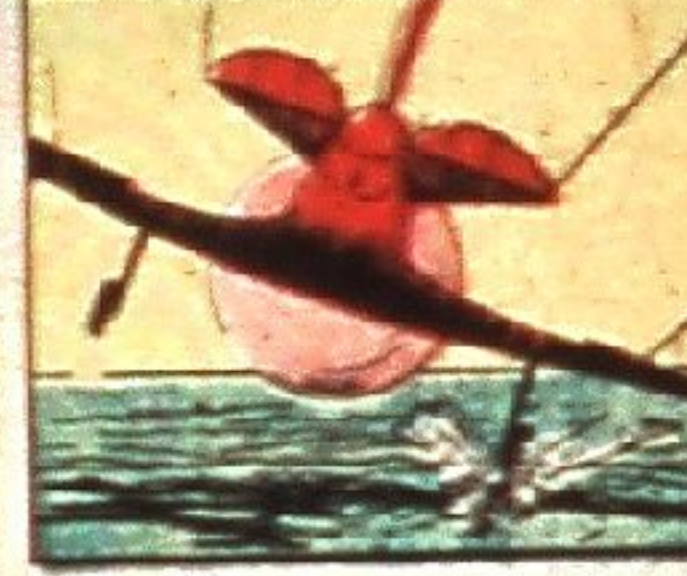
THE CROOK IS SOON LANDED OVER TO THE ISLAND AUTHORITIES.



AND LEE TAKES OFF WITH DR. GRAYSON TO REPORT AT THE HOSPITAL....



THE PLANE TIPS NERVOUSLY AS SHE LEAVES THE DOCK....



BUT SHE MANAGES TO STRAIGHTEN FOR A SWIFT CLIMB....

OOOPS! GUESS I'M JITTERY FROM THAT MAD DRIVE!



WOULD LIKE TO THINK YOUR NERVES WERE UNSTEADY BECAUSE OF ME...



THE ISLAND ADVENTURE IS SOON FORGOTTEN AS THEY WING INTO THE SUNSET....



LEE PRESTON RETURNS IN ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S CRACK COMICS!

Another thrilling adventure of Lee Preston in the December issues of CRACK COMICS.



# SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

AND I'M LITTLE NOORALGIA.

THE CIRCUS HAS COME TO TOWN, AND NATURALLY DADDY HAS TO SNOOP AROUND.

SAY THIS MIGHT BE A JOB FOR ME! AH AIN'T A LADY, BUT AHM BEARDED!



BACK HOME.

WITH ONE OF MAMMY'S OLD DRESSES, I'LL LAND THAT JOB!



WOO WOO! AH HOPE THE CIRCUS MANAGER LIKES ME!



HOWDY, MR. MANAGER! AH WOULD LIKE...

A BEARDED LADY! MADAME, THE JOB IS YOURS! COME, I'LL ACQUAINT YOU WITH YOUR DUTIES!



THIS IS MISS NOORALGIA, OUR LADY KNIFE-THROWER. SHE HATES MEN, SO WE HAFTA USE A WOMAN FOR HER TO THROW KNIVES AT...

HI YA, MATTRESS MOUTH!



AND WE'VE ALWAYS USED A BEARDED LADY, SO YOU BETTER START REHEARSING YOUR ACT WITH MISS NOORALGIA RIGHT NOW!



WOT IF SHE FINDS OUT AH AIN'T A LADY?

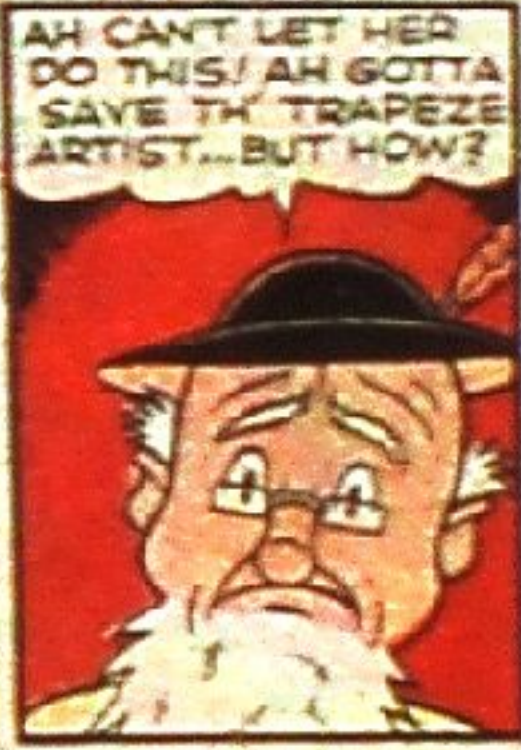


LATER.

BECAUSE YOU ARE A WOMAN I WEEEL TELL YOU A SECRET. I INTEND TO MURDER ALL TH' MEN IN THEES CIRCUS! I WEEEL START WEEETH TH' TRAPEZE ARTEEST TONIGHT!



AH CANT LET HER DO THIS! AH GOTTA SAVE TH' TRAPEZE ARTIST... BUT HOW?



I'LL HAFTA SWING OVER TO WARN HIM!

AS THE TRAPEZE ARTIST GOES THROUGH HIS ACT THAT NIGHT...





SO MY BEARDED  
LADY FRIEND  
IS GOING TO  
GEEVE ME  
ZE DOUBLE  
CROSS, EH?  
I'LL FEEB  
HER!



OH-OH! SHE  
MUST HAVE  
SEEN ME!



THEN ANOTHER  
KNIFE SEVERES A  
ROPE ON THE  
TRAPEZE



PAPPY'S SKIRT  
BILLOWS OUT  
AND HE  
FLOATS  
GENTLY DOWN



AS THE  
ACROBAT  
HURTLES  
PAST, HE  
SAVES  
HIMSELF  
BY CLUTCHING  
PAPPY'S  
LEG!



AH ZE  
BEARDED  
LADY IS  
WEARING  
MENS  
PANTS!



SO YOU'RE A MAN! I SAW  
YOUR PANTS WHEN YOU WERE  
FLOATING DOWN! JUST WAIT  
UNTEEL I THROW THOSE  
KNIVES!

ULP!



OMHH... SHE'S  
GONNA KILL  
ME FER SHO!  
WOT'LL AH  
EVER  
DO?

HA! AH  
GOT  
IT!



WHEW! AH  
SHO' HOPE  
IT WORKS!

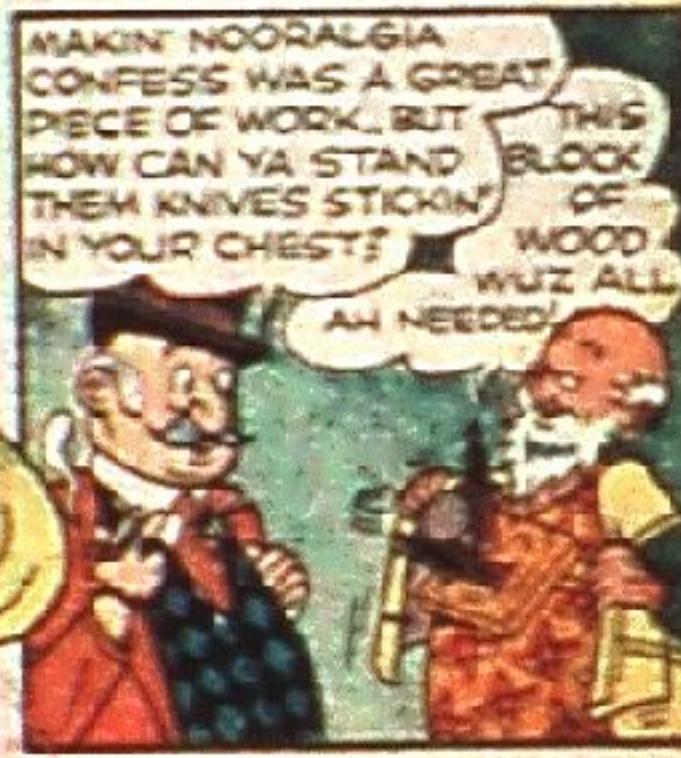
NOORALGIA THROWS



HEE, HEE!  
IT  
TICKLES!

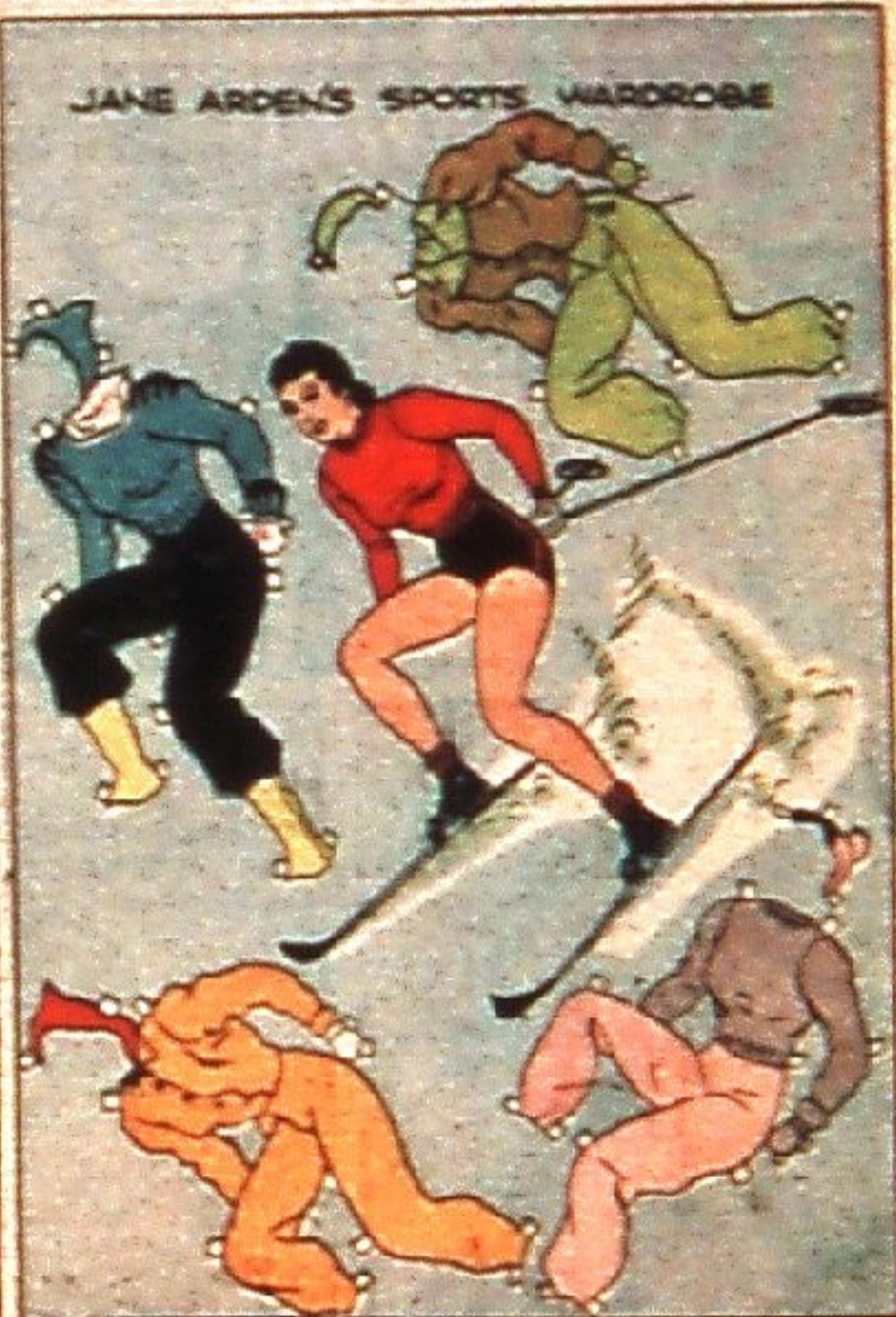


EEEEK! ...3 KNIVES STUCK IN  
HEEM AND HE STEEL  
STANDS! HE MUS' BE A GHOST!  
OMH... HE HAUNTS  
ME BECAUSE I  
TRIED TO  
KEEL ZE  
TRAPEZE  
ARTEEST!

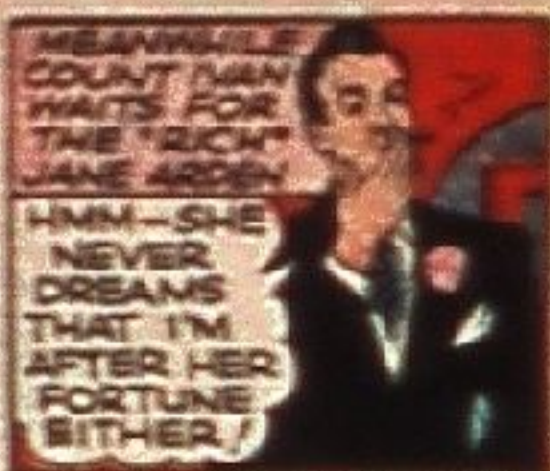


MAKIN' NOORALGIA  
CONFESS WAS A GREAT  
PIECE OF WORK, BUT  
HOW CAN YA STAND  
THEM KNIVES STICKIN'  
IN YOUR CHEST?  
THIS  
BLOCK  
OF  
WOOD  
WUZ ALL  
AH NEEDED!

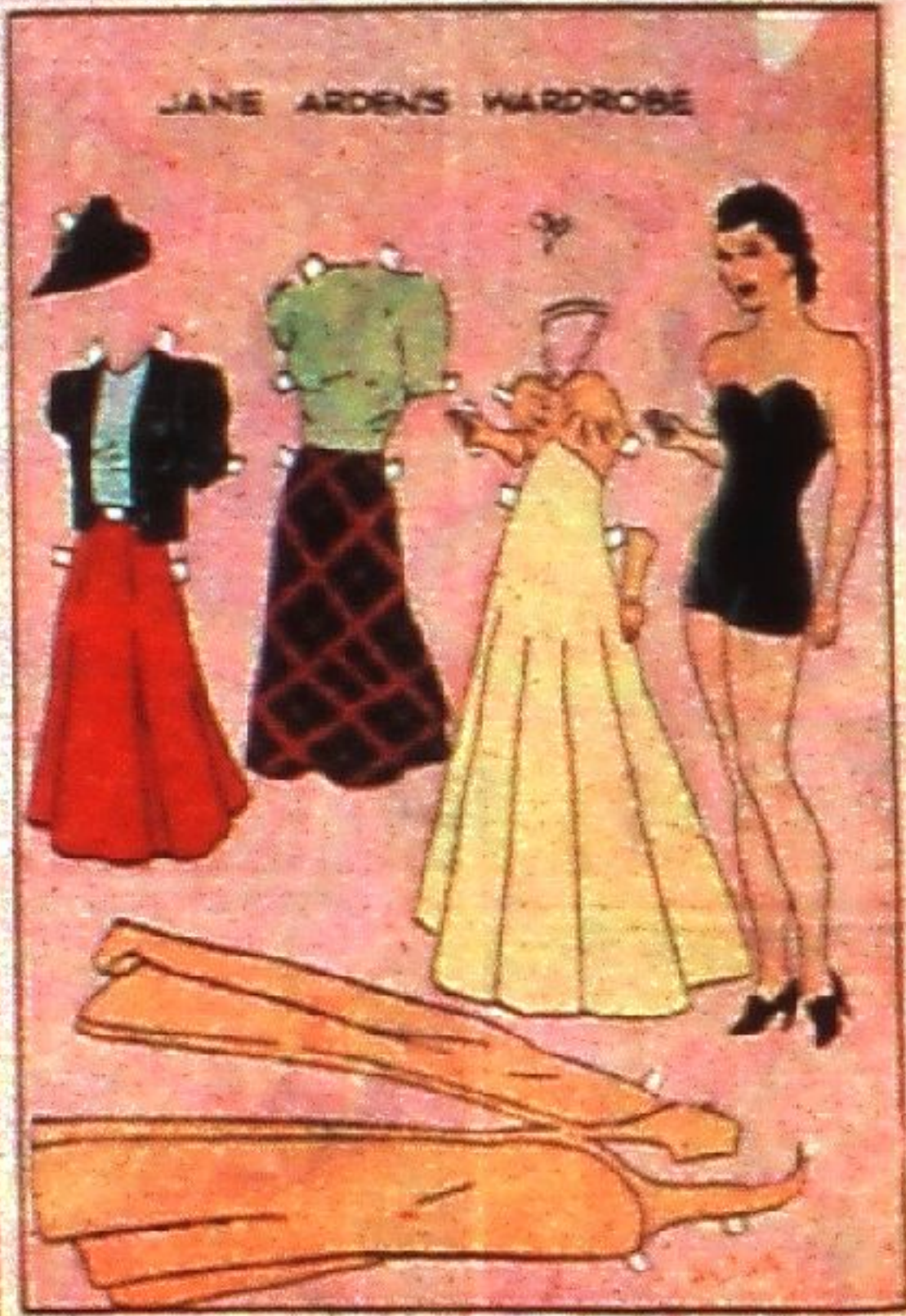




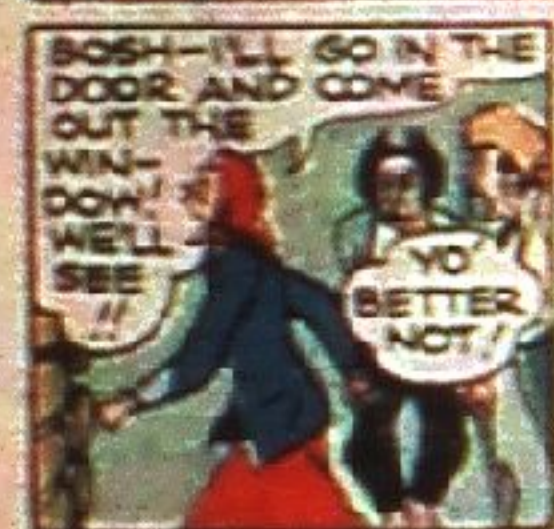
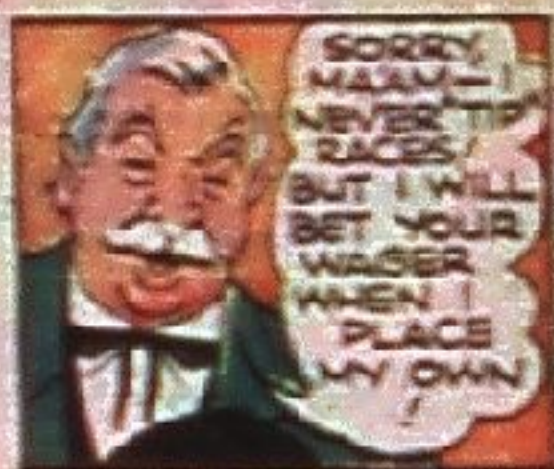
















# THE BEAST OF BURMA

*By Larry Spaul*

"So you've come!"

The flat, lifeless voice came from a point about two feet above the big teakwood desk. It was where a man's head would be—were a man sitting there. But no man sat there!

"You Americans are brave," said the voice again, with a touch of mockery. "Or perhaps just foolish, eh?"

Eric Vale stared at the area from which the dead-sounding voice emanated, and nodded briefly.

"I have come," he said, "as I promised. You have a mission for me, sir?"

"Aye," answered the ghost. "Have you ever hunted tigers, Eric Vale?"

"I have not."

"It is just as well," said the voice.

Eric looked puzzled. "Do I understand, sir," he said, "that I'm to go bagging tigers? I thought—"

"One tiger," cut in the voice. "Ah, but what a tiger! A devil cat with the brain of a crafty madman. You may still refuse the mission, my friend."

Eric's eyes flashed. "I accept," he stated crisply.

"Good," came the emotionless reply. "You'll leave tomorrow. You'll go by elephant to Nampang, where my headman will give you further instructions. Allah go with you, Eric Vale!"

Eric, a little stunned, turned and started across the room. Magically a tall Kashmiri servant appeared and led him out of the room.

Outside, Eric hailed a taxi and directed the driver to his hotel. He

needed some time to think. He had been warned to accept no task set by Shak-amah, owner of Burma's largest teak industry. Why did the man conceal his identity? It was said that no one had ever seen Shak-amah's face.

The mahout was competent. But the farther they penetrated into the steaming Burmese jungle the more Eric thought about his weird employer. Why all this mysticism about tracking down a man-eating tiger?

Sahm-ouyn, the headman, received Eric cordially enough, but there was a furtiveness about the man that didn't set well with Eric.

That first night in the great teak camp was one Eric would never forget. He had been assigned to a rather spacious dik-bungalow. He retired early. The natives held a celebration that lasted far past midnight. It was their way of demonstrating joy that the "great sahib" was there to kill the man-eater. Eric awoke several times during the night and each time the feeling that some menace hovered over him grew.

At breakfast, he tried to engage Sahm-ouyn in conversation but the headman kept his silence. Immediately after his bowl of curry and coffee, Eric organized a party of beaters and set off on his first tiger hunt. He invited Sahm-ouyn to accompany him but the headman stated bluntly that he was going up the river.

"It is there, sahib," said he, "that the devil cat comes to drink each

night." Then he left, carrying his rifle. Eric thought it strange that the man refused to take beaters.

The hunt proved fruitless. Sahm-ouyn returned to camp a half hour after Eric and his party had entered the thornbrush boma. The headman said nothing, going straight to his quarters. He acted more furtive than ever.

Eric went to sleep that night pondering the eerie circumstances surrounding this tiger hunt, and vowed that the morrow would bring forth results. He had hardly fallen to sleep, however, when a terrific scream blasted the quiet. He leaped up, grabbing his rifle. The camp was all confusion. A group of natives milled around a small area.

"What happened?" Eric demanded. The group parted and then



he saw a man lying on the ground, moaning in pain.

"The devil cat—he come—he get away!" they cried in terror.

"Which way did he go?"

They pointed to a rent in the thorn fence about six feet above the ground. Eric inspected that rent next morning and shook his head. There was not a single cat hair clinging to the sharp thorns.

The native died. His throat had been torn and his chest was riven



with claws. There was something about those slits that seemed odd to Eric; they were not deep, such as claws would make. Rather they were like . . . Eric had a sudden, horrible thought. But no; it couldn't be that . . .

Sahm-ouyn left the compound early the next morning. Eric rounded up his beaters and explored several square miles of jungle bordering the camp. They found no indications of the presence of the tiger.

That night tragedy struck again. The attack came shortly after midnight. Eric heard the man's scream, and as he rushed from his quarters he saw a tawny streak sail over the fence. As they clustered about the mangled form of the victim, Sahm-ouyn joined them. He was disheveled and breathing hard.

"Missed him," he panted. "Allah, what a devil he is!"

Eric was conscious of a strange force emanating from the man, a force evil and insidious. But there was no time to dally. He called his beaters.

"Come on," he said. "It rained yesterday; he should be easy to track." They set off through the hot, silent night. There were plenty of boot tracks in the soft earth, but none that looked like tiger imprints. What manner of beast was it that left no trail?

Sahm-ouyn departed on his solitary hunt again that day. He looked haggard and tired and was in a nasty humor. Eric waited until the rangy form of the headman had disappeared, then he fell in behind him. For a dozen miles Sahm-ouyn set a hard pace. Toward evening he vanished in a clump of thick banyans. Eric approached the cover warily, then began crashing through it. There was no sign of Sahm-ouyn.

An hour later a ruined temple loomed in the fading light and Eric skirted its thick walls three times

before he discovered an opening. A large courtyard lay beyond and, sitting cross-legged on the ground, was an old dervish priest, mumbling a chant. Two slim girls danced some ceremonial dance nearby.

Eric kept himself hidden and as he watched the strange ritual a dark shadow sprang from the wall of the courtyard. The girls screamed as the beast lit among them. Eric raised his pistol and fired twice. The tiger snarled and lashed out at the shrieking girls. Then he leaped over the wall.

Eric had paid no attention to the old priest. Now he saw him hurl a long spear at the retreating form of the big cat. It struck the beast in the back. The next moment it was gone, crashing away through the tangled undergrowth.



"You hit him!" cried Eric. The old priest nodded.

"It is the will of Allah," he chanted. "The devil cat will die during the light of the moon."

One of the girls had been slightly mauled and Eric bandaged the rip in her forearm. Then he set out in the wake of the tiger. Before he had gone a mile he heard his beaters yelling. They informed him that they had seen the tiger, but that he'd got away. Sahm-ouyn was in the group. He had been torn by the great cat and his shoulder was bleeding profusely. Eric found the old priest's spear lying in the brush; the cat had torn it loose from its flesh.

Back at camp, Sahm-ouyn went immediately to his quarters. He refused any medical attention for his wound and this, Eric thought, seemed quite odd. That night the headman set off on another of his one-man hunts.

Eric had ordered two runners to take a report to Shak-amah in the morning. They left an hour before dawn. They had hardly gone beyond the thorn boma when one of them screamed. Then a rifle roared twice, and one of the runners came tearing into the compound.

"I got him!" he cried in Hindustani. "I shot the devil cat!"

Eric followed the entire camp outside. Sure enough, there he lay, twitching, a monstrous tiger. In the semi-darkness he seemed like an unreal thing, his ponderous jaws agape. As he stepped closer, the swirling mists of dawn lifting, a strange thing happened. The cat features fell away. It was as if a curtain lifted. The tiger became a man.

"Sahm-ouyn!" Eric cried. "You fool, you've shot the headman!"

"No, no!" the native exclaimed. "Allah is my witness, I shot the devil cat. He is one and the same, as the dervish priest said. Sahm-ouyn was accursed. He changed himself into a devil cat at will. Allah akbar!"

It was not within the realm of an Occidental's reasoning. Eric simply didn't "get" it. One thing was certain, though. The wound in Sahm-ouyn's shoulder had been made by a spear. There was a disk tied around his neck that was cause for further surprise. On it was the single word, "SHAK-AMAH." They were one and the same!

They were—the beast of Burma!


**JUNGLE BUTZNERED**  
ANOTHER EXCITING  
**ERIC VALE STORY**  
APPEARS IN DECEMBER ISSUE  
OF CRACK COMICS ON SALE NOV. 10



# Rube Goldberg's SIDE SHOW

**SALOON RULES FOR DINING.....**  
 SERIES # 880472

WHEN PUTTING YOUR SHOES BACK ON AFTER A FORMAL DINNER, DO NOT FORGET TO REMOVE YOUR NEIGHBORS OLIVE PITTS.....



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION OR HOW NOT TO FORGET YOUR RUBBERS WHEN YOU STEP ON BULB "A" LAUGHING GAS "B" CAUSES BABY HYENA "C" TO GET HYSTERICAL AND TOPPLE OVER. RAZOR "D" CUTS STRINGS "E" TOY SOLDIER "F" DROPS FINGER "G" TURNS ON SWITCH "H"..... SOLDIER DROPS INTO RUBBERS "I" AND WALKS AFTER YOU.... AS WARNING BELL "J" RINGS.



**EEKK! AM I THAT HEAVY!!!**



**LITTLE BUTCH**

**CANDID CARTOON**

LISSEN ALEX- I HEAR THAT OIL STOCKS ARE THE THING TO BUY RIGHT NOW!

THANKS FOR THE TIP JAKE!



OH! AIN'T IT AWFUL! THOSE GUYS ARE KILLING EACH OTHER!

WHY DON'T THEY STOP THIS SLAUGHTER? POOR JAKE IS IN AGONY!

**THE BOYS PUT ON THEIR ACT**



**CRACK COMICS**



NOW FOR ROLL CALL..... JOHN ZERO... GREGORY WAFFLE... ZIGGY MINTZ... OTTO ROTUNDA... SAM PORCH... ANTHONY BRASSPLATE... JOHN.....



BUT- MY DEAR CONRADES- WHY ARE YOU BUNGING ME OFF LIKE THIS?

BLAME IT ON WILBUR!



**MARJORIE HAPPINESS**  
 CURVINGTON HARMS  
 MADE A TRY FOR  
 MOVIES WITH HER  
 PHYSICAL CHARMS...



WHILE EFFIE DE GAB  
 FOR A POSITIVE FACT,  
 TOOK A VERY HARD  
 COURSE AND LEARNED  
 HOW TO ACT....



BUT WHEN MARGIE  
 DID APPEAR ON THE  
 SCREEN... TWAS IN  
 A HEAVILY OVER-  
 DRESSED SCENE....



WHILE EFFIE WHO  
 KNEW EVERY STAGE  
 TWIST AND THWIRL  
 IN THE MOVIES BECAME  
 JUST A BATHING GIRL!





# WIZARD WELLS

*Miracle Man of Science*

RAY OF  
DEATH

WIZARD WELLS, FORMER ALL-AMERICAN HALF-BACK, HAS NOW BECOME OUR FOREMOST INVENTOR ACCIDENTALLY GOING INTO CRIMINOLOGY. HE HAS SOLVED CASE AFTER CASE THRU HIS KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE, AND THE "AID" OF TUG, HIS CAREFREE HELPER.

ANOTHER SOCIETY GAME KICKS IN! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

HERE, BOY!

WHAT'S UP, WIZ?

ANOTHER WEALTHY WOMAN DIED MYSTERIOUSLY TUG!



IN EVERY CASE THE VICTIM SHOWED SYMPTOMS OF CANCER OR RADIUM BURNS!

AIN'T THAT MARY PERRY AHEAD?



IT IS! I WONDER WHO THAT FREAK IS?

O' GUY WITH O' TOWEL AROUND HIS HEAD?



NOTICE THE PSYCHOPATHIC GLEAM IN HIS EYE?



THE STRANGER PASSES WELLS

FINALLY, WELLS OVERTAKES MARY



WHO WAS THAT STRANGE MAN MARY?



YES, HE'S THE OM OF THE PADME CULT! I'M ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES!



HE'S JUST ASTRO, THE MASTER! YOU SHOULD SEE HIM IN THE TEMPLE, WIZ!



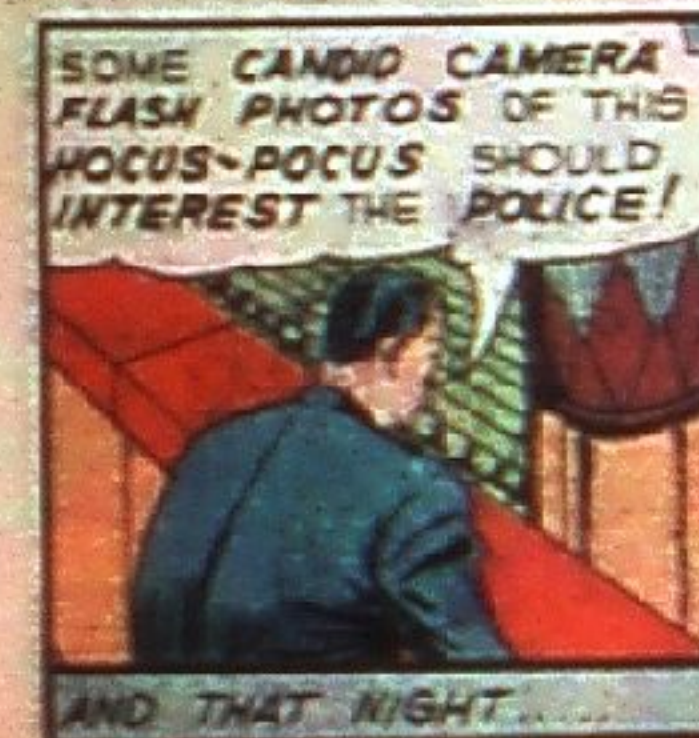
ALL RIGHT, CALL FOR ME AT 8:00, AND WE'LL GO TO THE MEETING TOGETHER, TONIGHT!











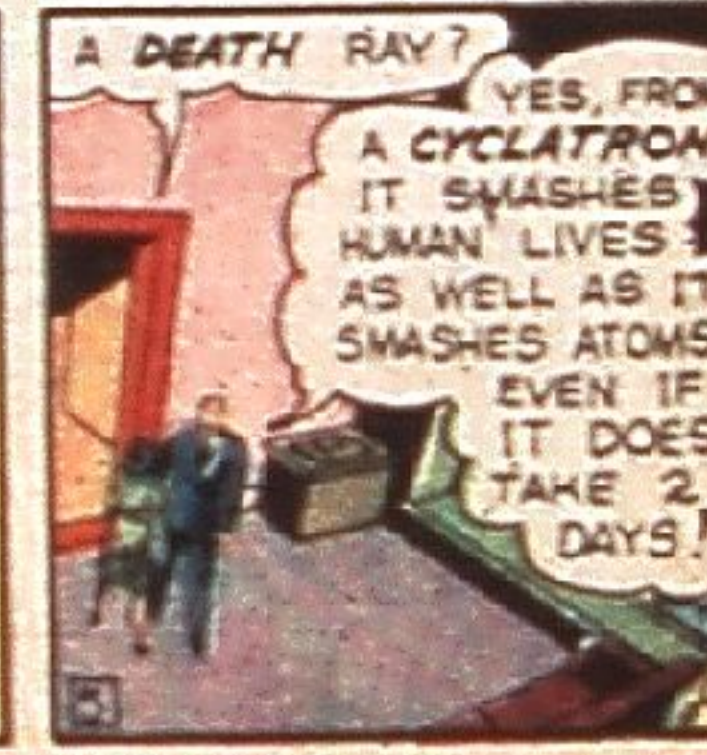
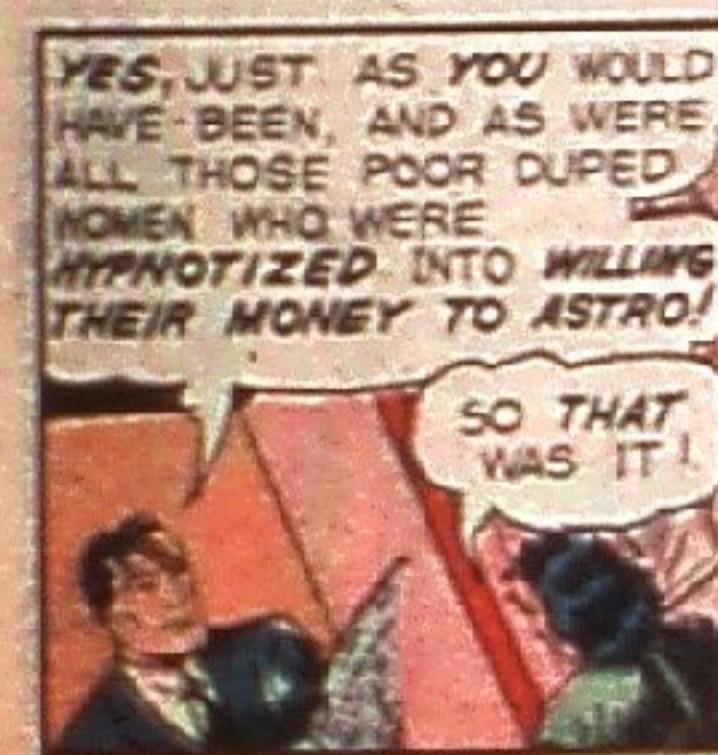




THERMITE, A COMBINATION OF RUST AND ALUMINUM FILINGS BURNS AT 4500°. EDITOR

THE THERMITE BLAZES













WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD. THE EVENTS THAT MAKE HEADLINES. ACTUAL SCENES DIRECT FROM OVERSEAS—

NEWS



HUGE BOMBERS REAR OVERHEAD BLASTING—

OOOH— THAT FIGHTER SHOT DOWN JUST MISSED THAT BIG SHIP!

GOSH— I'D HATE TO BE DOWN ON THE GROUND WHEN THOSE BIG PLANES LET LOOSE—



CIVILIANS AND SOLDIERS SHARE ALIKE THE HORRORS OF MODERN WAR!

GOLLY, JUST IMAGINE! KIDS OUR OWN AGE IN A BIG WAR LIKE THAT!



LANDING PARTIES ARE EASY PREY FOR HIDDEN SHORE GUNS—

THEY CAN'T EVEN SEE WHERE THE SHELLS ARE COMING FROM!



AIR RAIDS COME DAILY HERE!

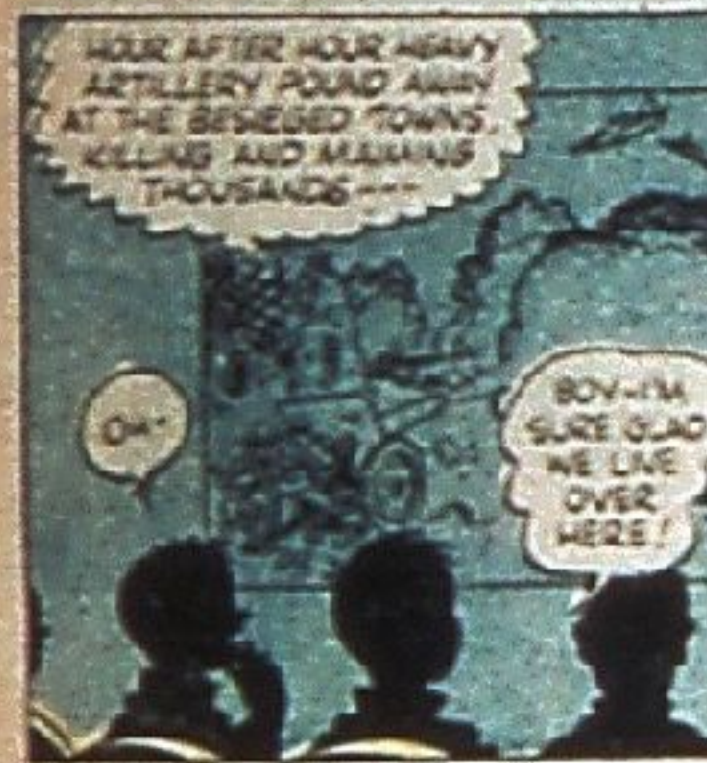
GEE, LOOK AT THAT POOR LITTLE FELLA! HE NEVER DID ANYTHING TO ANYBODY—



INFANTRY CAN DO LITTLE AGAINST THESE STEEL MONSTERS SPITTING FIRE AND DEATH—

THAT'S AWFUL! THOSE MEN FIGHTING EACH OTHER ARE DADDYS AND BROTHERS OF KIDS JUST LIKE US!

GOSH, SNAP!



HOOR AFTER HOOR HEAVY ARTILLERY POUND AWAY AT THE BESIEGED TOWNS, KILLING AND MAIMING THOUSANDS—

OH—

BOY—I'M SURE GLAD WE LIVE OVER HERE!



WHAT, SNAPPY?

MR.—PAUL AND I JUST REMEMBERED WE HAVE TO MEET A FELLOW ON THE CORNER, SO WE'LL HAVE TO GO—

I'M COMING TOO, GUYS!

WE TOO!



SAY—IF THAT'S WHAT THE REAL THING IS, I'M NOT EVEN GONNA PLAY WAR ANYMORE!

ME EITHER! I HATE TO LEAVE A SHOW BUT I DON'T FEEL VERY GOOD—



RUN AN' GET YOUR SLED, SNAP! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A RACE DOWN BOULDER HILL!

OKAY! THEN LATER WE'LL GO ICE SKATING!

GEE, IT'S SWEET TO BE IN A PEACEFUL FUN-LOVIN' COUNTRY!



OUR YOUNGER GENERATION FULLY REALIZE WHAT A WONDERFUL COUNTRY THIS IS IN WHICH WE LIVE ... WITH KIDS LIKE THAT, WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT AMERICA'S FUTURE!



# THE CLOCK

GEORGE E. BRENNER

THE POLICE AND THE PEOPLE OF A BIG CITY ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE 'ROBBERS FROM HADES,' UNTIL FATE DOUBLE CROSSES THEM BY BINDING THEM FACE TO FACE WITH THE CLOCK AND HIS DOUBLE, PUG BRADY---



THE WASTING FIGURE OF A MAN STAGGERS THROUGH THE STREETS.....



ACCIDENTLY HE BUNDS INTO ANOTHER MAN---



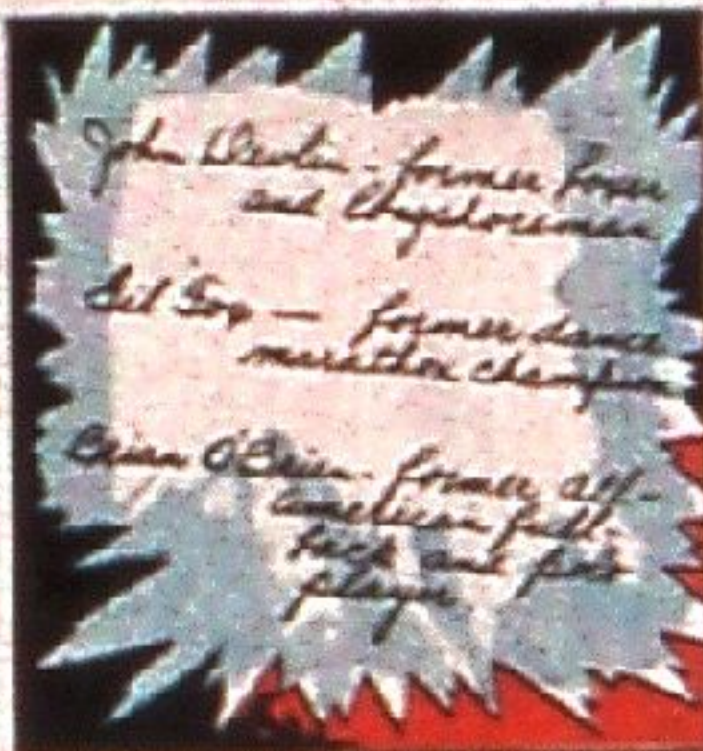
HE MAKES HIS WAY INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS....



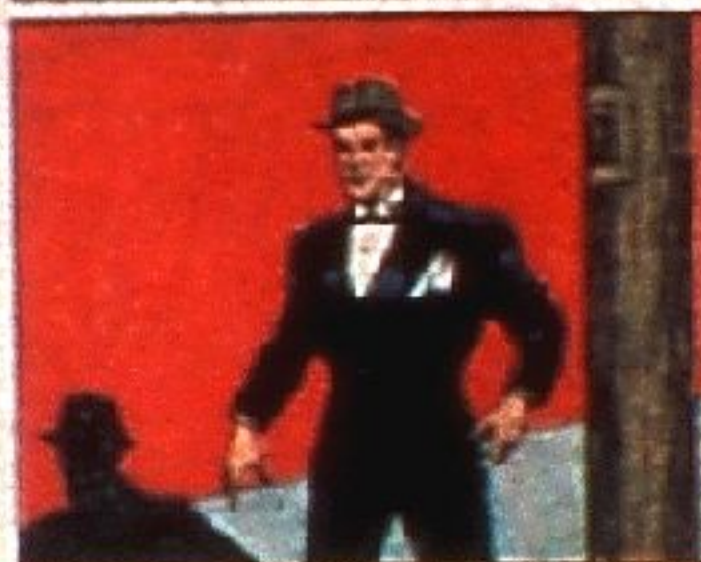








AND A HALF HOUR LATER FATE IS ON THE SIDE OF EVIL AS BRIAN O'BRIEN STEPS OUT TO TAKE A SHORT STROLL---





UNKNOWN  
TO THE CLOCK,  
THE THREE  
KIDNAPPERS  
REVEAL  
IN TIME  
TO FOLLOW  
HIM--



AS THE CLOCK  
FADES INTO THE  
SHADOW OF  
THE BOOTH,  
THE SECOND  
MAN FIRES  
POINT BLANK  
THROUGH  
THE GLASS  
DOOR--



AND D-B TOPPLES OUT DEAD,  
A VICTIM OF HIS OWN GANG--

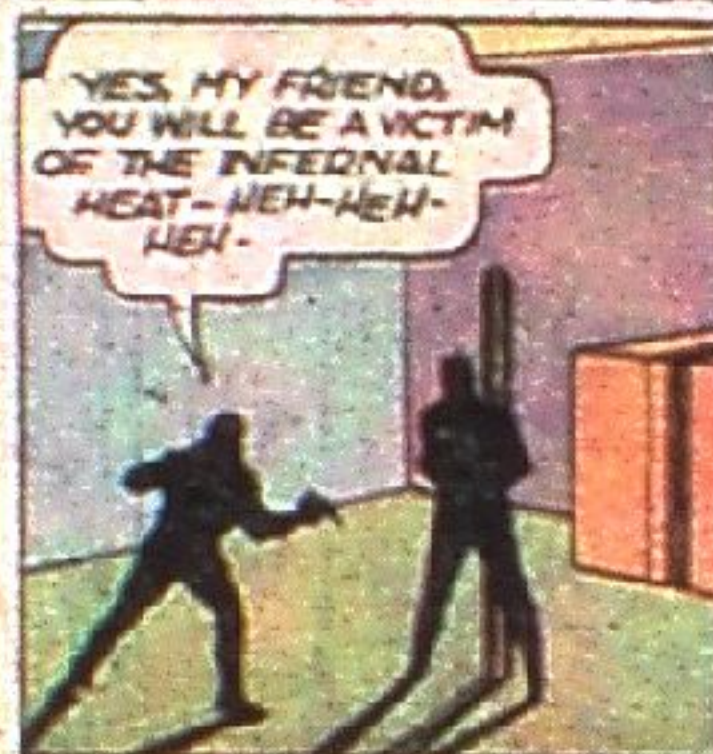


AND AS THE CLOCK COMES  
THROUGH THE DOOR--





PUG ARRIVES  
AT THE SCENE  
IN TIME  
TO SEE  
THE INERT  
BODY OF  
THE CLOCK  
PUT INTO A  
CAR....





AT THIS MOMENT DUG BREAKS INTO THE ROOM---

DUG! -GET THIS FIEND!

WHA'??

WITH PLEASURE!

DUG, THE DAMAGE IS DONE, SO BEFORE I PASS ON, I WANT THIS MOB TO KNOW WHO THEY WERE UP AGAINST - DID YOU BONG A MASK?

YES!

AT THE SAME TIME THAT / BRIAN OBRIEN DONS THE BLACK SILK SYMBOL THAT THROWS FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL LAW BREAKERS, THE MASTER COMES TO---

D-I-2-5-HELP!

WHY - HE'S - THE CLOCK, GET HIM!

SOCK!

YAAAAA-

THAT CLEANS UP THIS GANG, BOSS!

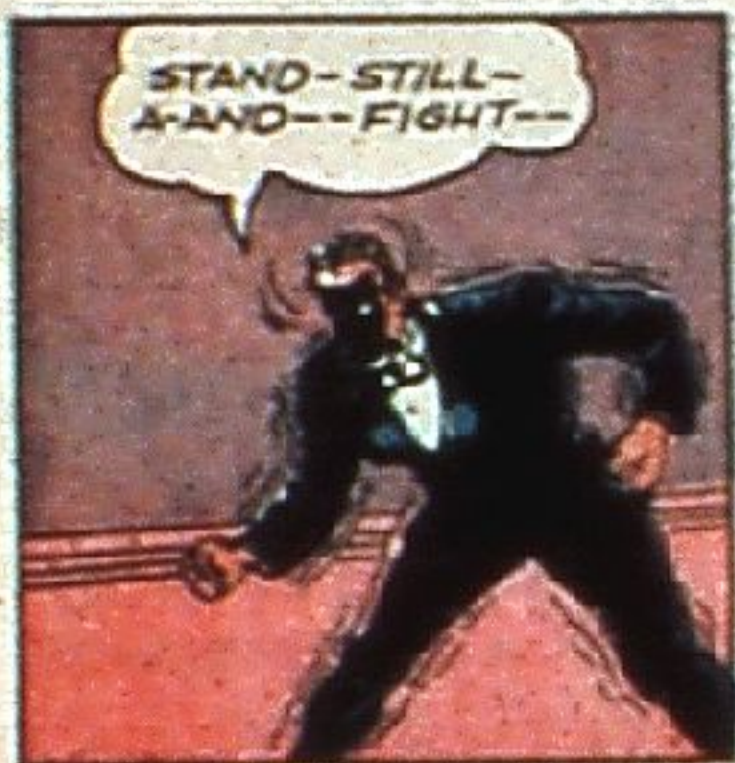
THE LEADER, WHERE IS HE? - LISTEN!

FOOTSTEPS! RUNNING UPSTAIRS - DUG, TAKE CARE OF THOSE BABIES!





UNKNOWINGLY, THE LEADER BACKS TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE ROOF--



AND THE FIEND STEPS OFF THE ROOF AND HURTTLES TO HIS DEATH ON THE PAVEMENT BELOW--



SUPPORTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, THE CLOCK STAGGERS TO THE FLOOR BELOW--





# BE A COWBOY!

YOU GETTUM  
CARBINE LIKE  
RED RYDER'S  
HEAD SOON!  
*Little  
Bedver*

I JUST RODE INTO YOUR  
DEALER'S STORE WITH A  
LOT OF MY NEW  
COWBOY CARBINES—  
GET YOURS, PARTNER!  
*Red Ryder*

USE  
RING AND  
THONG TO  
GET TO SADDLE  
OR HANG ON  
TO WALL

## Get this New SADDLE GUN RED RYDER 1000-SHOT CARBINE

Patented by Daisy Manufacturing Co., Inc.

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GOLDEN FRONT SIGHT.  
LIGHTNING-LOADER IN-  
VENTION—loads 1000 shot  
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GOLDEN-BANNED FORE-  
PIECE

CARBINE STYLE FORE-  
PIECE—semi-curved, full  
length hand hold

ADJUSTABLE DOVILE-  
NOTCH REAR SIGHT

RED RYDER'S PICTURE,  
SIGNATURE AND HORSE  
"THUNDER" STAMPED ON  
PISTOL GRIP STOCK

14 inch Leather Saddle  
Thong Attached to Web-  
are Carbine Ring



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**FRED HARMAN!**

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star who stars in the  
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series, says: "I have used  
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YOUR BICYCLE — MOST FAMOUS NAME IN BICYCLING